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THEORY AND PRACTICE.

CONSIDERABLE gratitude is due to the unconscious organizers who favoured London on Tuesday last simultaneously with theory at St. James's Hall and practice in the tunnels of the Underground Railway. Unconscious the organization doubtless was; and it may readily be believed that the coincidence has annoyed, as it is said to have annoyed, some of Mr. DAVITT's friends. Not every one, it may be taken for granted, of the motley group of schoolmasters and curates out of place, sympathizers with any uncivilized or half-civilized race which happens to hate England, stray members of Parliament, and stepdaughters of distinguished philosophers, who gathered on the platform in Piccadilly, is likely to have approved of the irregulars of Praed Street and Westminster. Of these latter there is no need to say much. That their deed was a deliberate crime, and that they themselves belong to the advanced guard of the Irish party, are things which no man of sense will positively assert, and which every man of sense will take as tolerably certain until disproved. That the result of their machinations could hardly by any possibility have been disastrous to any one, even remotely concerned in the acts which they dislike, is no argument against their guilt. It is the settled plan of the Irish criminal to avoid detection first of all, and explosives can be deposited in an unlighted tunnel to which there is easy access, with the least possible chance of detection. It is also a settled principle of Irish criminals that the guilt or innocence, from their own point of view, of their victims does not in the least matter. A carriage full of third-class passengers, of workmen going home from their work, of lower middle-class men and their families going out for an evening's pleasure, is as good game as Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH or Mr. FORSTER. The remarkable patience of the English people—a quality which, whatever else has degenerated, seems to wear well, and which may excite admiration and pride in minds not accustomed to overflow in that direction over popular virtues—has been proof, and, it may be hoped, will continue to be proof, even against this last outrage. Some philosophers in other countries hold that the contemptuous tolerance and refusal to be panic-stricken which Englishmen are wont to show towards such instigators of crime is somewhat immoral, as encouraging the commission of criminal acts. Englishmen themselves will be very slow to accept this view, and it may be admitted that the invincible reluctance of the murderous cowards who plan these deeds to supervise them up to the last and most important moment has hitherto been a wonderful preservative. Even the formidable list of wounds which was registered on Tuesday night seems incredibly small as the result of an explosion in confined space, and with circumstances to the last degree favourable to destruction.

This occurrence, however, is as yet so obscure in some important points that, unless the sufferings of the victims be more especially thought of (which is perhaps dangerous to the maintenance of the philosophic attitude just explained and commended), it seems unnecessary to discuss it further. With the St. James's Hall meeting it is otherwise. These matters are fortunately all in black and white. When the Rev. STEWART D. HEADLAM implores his hearers to "push on 'the work,'" and lectures them on the divinity of discontent, there is no fear of doing him or any one else injustice in commenting on the utterance. It was in stuff of this kind,

in advice to "get rid of capital," and the like, that the real nature of the meeting appeared. Mr. DAVITT, who is a practised speaker, avoided such language, it would appear, for the most part, though the whole tenor of his address could only be taken as an incitement to the Have-nots to attack and plunder the Haves. It is needless to discuss seriously the folly of Land Nationalization; Mr. FAWCETT, an unexceptionable authority, has done that sufficiently. That the so-called principle of the Land Nationalizers, "the land of every country belongs to the people of that country," is a principle equally unknown to law, science, history, divinity, and philosophy, is as certain as that the majority of those to whom it appeals, and is meant to appeal, have no tincture of any of the five. That the elaborate means by which, confiscation once effected, the people are to be put in possession of the land could not possibly work in practice has been shown over and over again. But the real motives, whether they know it or not, to which Land Nationalizers appeal are very simple, and have nothing to do with logic or with politics. Mr. HEADLAM's "divine discontent" does not unduly pause to consider whether there is any rational cause for its existence or whether it is possible for it to become contented. It is discontented and appetent, and there are persons who possess that to which its appetite is directed and the want of which causes its discontent. These two facts it knows, and no others; and when the Mr. HEADLAMs of this world urge it to "push on the work," it knows no other means of proceeding, as a rule, than literally or figuratively knocking on the head the possessors. To preach such doctrines as Land Nationalization, and at the same time advise the hearers, as Mr. DAVITT, very likely in good faith, advised his, to abstain from threats and violence, is a simple absurdity. The gentleman who substituted the advice to "get rid of capital" was, if vaguer, a good deal more logical. Get rid of capital and capitalists, get rid of landlords, get rid of third-class passengers, if there is nobody else convenient; that is what the various anarchic counsellors who are common just now, and who are allowed to deliver themselves with a perhaps excessive tolerance, say in effect. Occasionally, as at the Local Government Office, and probably in this last instance on the Underground Railway, some one "goes and does it." He has been convinced that Englishmen, landlords, capitalists, no matter who, are all rogues, and that it will never be merry till they are extirpated. He therefore endeavours at the extirpation—fortunately with a sedulous care to avoid extirpating himself in the process, which makes him considerably less deadly than he might be.

Hitherto this kind of juxtaposition of theory and practice has been rare in England, though it has been very common in Ireland, and the rarity probably accounts for the singular slowness of conception which some Englishmen have shown of the attitude of Orangemen in Ulster. It is very much to be regretted of course that this attitude should result in riots like those of Derry. But when presumably intelligent persons compare it to the attitude of theological dislike, and attempt to justify their paralogism after it is pointed out to them, there must be a good deal of delusion in the air. Explosions are supposed to be good to dissipate foul vapours; and a few more exploits on the part of the dynamitards may open the eyes of a good many people to the real meaning of discourses on Irish landlordism, on Irish Home Rule, on Land Nationalization generally, and the like. A knavish speech does not sleep in all foolish ears; on the contrary, there is a certain kind of ear,

itself knavish as well as foolish, in which it very actively translates itself into worse knavishness. The gospel of discontent is an evangel which is peculiarly liable to this sort of translation. At present the purely Irish gossellers are ahead of their imitators. Men like Mr. A. R. WALLACE, at least, would no doubt shrink with horror from the notion of pioneering their views with dynamite; nor has it, as far as is known, been yet attempted in England, though it is nothing unheard of on the Continent. But the similarity of the arguments may conceivably lead to a similarity of interpretation. All the familiar vocabulary of Irish agitation against English rule and of Irish abuse of Irish landlords reappears in the speeches of the Land Nationalizers. English landlords are already told that they are thieves; in a moment they will be murderers, if indeed that particular flower of speech has not already been presented to them. Against thieves and murderers it is, of course, impossible to take measures too active. In short, the license of agitation which is now permitted is only not a public danger when it is accompanied with a very strict inquisition into and stern punishment of the offences to which speakers are allowed with impunity to invite, and of the invitations as well when they pass a certain limit. There are those who would curtail the license itself. But that is dubiously practicable, and is moreover perhaps not the more excellent way. There is another structure which is an admirable corrective of the platform, and in some cases the same persons might with great public advantage figure on both.

LIBERAL SPEECHES.

A SERIES of Liberal speeches, which is not likely to be soon completed, began last week at Aberdeen. In accordance with old and sound precedents, the chief places were accorded to the local magnates belonging to the party. Lord FIFE, who presided, remarked in felicitous phrase that "last year the high tide of English and Irish [Conservative] eloquence had flowed up to the very gates of the North, but this year only the Opposition small fry had been sent forth." In the same rhetorical style Lord HUNTLEY announced, with reference to the dwellings of the poor, that the Liberal party "were not to be browbeaten, notwithstanding the pledge Lord SALISBURY had made." Lord FIFE's knowledge of current politics was illustrated by his assertion that "the international difficulties connected with Egyptian affairs had been removed by the humanizing and disinterested action of our Government, and the troops were about to be withdrawn." With a nearer approach to accuracy, Lord FIFE said that momentous questions about India were about to be submitted to the verdict of the people. It would have been unseasonable to add that the people know and care nothing about India, and that all other Indian questions will, like the ILBERT Bill, be regarded by the multitude with exclusive reference to domestic party interests. It is but just to the assembled delegates from all the Liberal Associations in the North-East of Scotland to admit that the only subject which seemed to excite general interest was the creation of a new Scotch office. Lord ABERDEEN, who possesses both knowledge and ability, dwelt at length on the failure of the Scotch Local Government scheme. He consoled himself and his hearers for the defeat of the Bill by expressing a hope that a larger measure would be passed hereafter. It is difficult for the Southern mind to appreciate the importance of the subject. It certainly seemed when the Bill was introduced that it gave little satisfaction to Scotch members; but the managers of the Aberdeen meeting and the speakers whom they prompted may perhaps be better informed.

It would seem that the Liberal Associations of Aberdeenshire and the neighbouring counties consider the early appointment of a Scotch Minister as more urgent than the extension of the franchise and the redistribution of electoral districts; but, as a matter of course, a resolution was passed in favour of universal household suffrage. It is not a little surprising that peers of high rank should still be found to countenance a movement which is openly directed against their order and against all the traditions to which they are attached. Lord HUNTLEY was so far conscious of the anomalous position of revolutionary peers that he defended the House of Lords, and asserted its right to a veto on legislation. He will too soon find that he must submit to be browbeaten by the pledge

of his political confederates at Leeds and elsewhere. Lord FIFE has more to fear from the high tide of Radical agitation than from the Opposition small fry, with whom he may perhaps heartily agree. Lord ABERDEEN probably understood the feelings of his neighbours when he dilated at length on the expediency of making Scotch government and Scotch education more thoroughly provincial than at present. As a probable candidate for Parliamentary influence and official employment, Lord ABERDEEN readily adapts himself to the prevailing fashion of disintegration. Appeals to the selfish prejudices of Scotchmen, of Irishmen, and of Welshmen have for some time past been habitually used by Liberal leaders for party purposes. Deliberate cultivation of local or popular prejudices is too common a political practice to excite astonishment or indignation. If the Scotch like to be flattered, they have the means of rewarding those who gratify their inclination; yet serious politicians ought to understand that small party manoeuvres of the kind can, if they succeed, only accelerate the most dangerous of organic changes.

Another Scotch audience at Dumfries was content to listen to an English speaker whose practised forensic skill enabled him to relieve the dryness of financial details. It was fair that Sir HENRY JAMES should have an opportunity of answering Mr. GIBSON; but the people of Dumfries must be singularly constituted if they are really interested in comparisons of the expenditure in different periods of one, three, or six years. If the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was right in saying that the cost of the army and navy was greater in Lord BEACONSFIELD's time than in Mr. GLADSTONE's, the statement proves nothing, unless all the circumstances are taken into consideration. The preparations for war in 1878, which resulted in the maintenance of peace, would not have been required but for the invasion of Turkey, which Mr. GLADSTONE did more than any statesman outside of Russia to promote, or perhaps to originate. Sometimes it is a merit to spend money on the army and navy, and sometimes it is expedient to limit or reduce military and naval outlay. There is really little difference in the policy pursued by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer. Both parties are agreed on the expediency of reducing the National Debt, though it needs an orator who is not specially familiar with finance to anticipate the abolition of the National Debt. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL's contribution to the controversy on the franchise was but moderately instructive. He would apparently disfranchise all non-resident owners of property as a sweeping method of abolishing faggot votes. Many politicians on both sides, including the ATTORNEY-GENERAL himself, have indulged in the questionable practice which he denounces; but he is perhaps not aware that the only systematic advocate of faggot votes was no other than Mr. CORBEN. For some years after the dissolution of the Corn Law League its principal leader devoted his energy to the project of swamping the votes of the county electors by the purchase of rent-charges on house property to be acquired by the inhabitants of manufacturing towns. It would be both reasonable and practicable to abolish faggot votes. The universal disfranchisement of freeholders is a disproportionate contrivance for a trivial purpose. It is, perhaps, satisfactory to find that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL is not yet converted to the Leeds theory of absolutely equal electoral districts; but the thoroughgoing revolutionists may possibly sweep away any barrier which may be erected against the pressure of the absolute despotism of the multitude. Local representation might even now be preserved; but, when it is once destroyed, it can scarcely be re-established.

Another member of the Government, not in the secrets of the Cabinet, has also, notwithstanding the dictatorial language of the Leeds demagogues, an opinion of his own. Mr. COURTNEY still retains the conviction which he has often expressed, that minorities ought to be protected against total effacement. The divine right of a million of voters to govern nine hundred thousand is not as clear to Mr. COURTNEY as to Mr. BRIGHT. The supreme power of the smallest numerical majority would, nevertheless, under a system of universal suffrage, be rigorously enforced. Those who concur in abrogating the only protection which is now afforded to the upper and middle classes will be disappointed in their hope of providing an effective substitute. Mr. COURTNEY ingeniously suggests that all votes will not be of equal value, if nearly half of the whole number are of no value at all; but the Caucus and the Jacobins will not be defeated by a clever play upon words. They may, perhaps, reply that all votes are of equal value, if all are equally

subject to the condition of being given on the winning side. There is a certain relief in discovering that some Radical politicians have conscientious scruples; but Mr. COURTNEY and Mr. FAWCETT will engage in a hopeless crusade if they endeavour to persuade the dominant majority to surrender its absolute powers. It must be confessed that advocates of female suffrage labour under a suspicion of tendency to political fancies and crotchets.

It is, perhaps, because he differs from the Leeds Caucus on the claims of minorities that Mr. COURTNEY also denies the expediency of introducing a Franchise Bill in 1884. He maintains that the present Parliament has not exhausted its capacity of legislation; and he thinks that it will have ample employment for its exercise during two or three additional Sessions. Mr. FIRTH and his supporter Mr. BEAL, though they hold the same general opinion, will demand, if a franchise Bill and a consequent dissolution are postponed, that the creation of a Municipality of London shall take precedence of other promised measures; nor is it improbable that Sir W. HARCOURT may urge the same arrangement on the Cabinet. Mr. COURTNEY seems to forget the metropolis and its needs in his anxiety to create elected County Boards, which he calls local Parliaments. Such bodies would, in his opinion, relieve Parliament of much of its work, though it is difficult to understand how duties which are properly legislative could be transferred to elected rural Councils. No such powers are possessed by the Corporations even of the largest and wealthiest cities; and it must be remembered that their constituencies are often parties to Parliamentary conflicts. As an instance of the supposed capabilities of the new County Boards, Mr. COURTNEY proposes to intrust to them the entire control of the trade in alcoholic liquors. It is, he explains, because such bodies are not yet constituted that he has not hitherto voted for local option, or for any of Sir WILFRID LAWSON's proposals. If Mr. COURTNEY's language is accurately represented in a condensed report, he would seem to be a contingent supporter of Sir WILFRID LAWSON's favourite measures. Local option is not the less objectionable because it may be exercised by the delegates of the ratepayers or of the whole population. The scheme which Mr. COURTNEY seems to favour would be especially mischievous because county municipal elections would almost always turn on the issue of compulsory abstinence. The temperance fanatics would care nothing for good local administration; and their adversaries would be compelled to accept their challenge. It would seem that, for the sake of consistency with his present declarations, Mr. COURTNEY ought to have voted for local option in corporate towns. The existing municipalities are elected by popular suffrage; and nevertheless Mr. BRIGHT himself, though he is never tired of extolling the virtues of corporations, has never assented to the proposal that they should have the power of suppressing the liquor trade. It is probable that the County Government Bill may be among the least mischievous of Ministerial measures, and whether or not such a Bill is required, it may be thought to be inevitable. One of the most wanton blunders of the late Government was its abandonment of the County Government Bill, which it had introduced in 1876.

The ablest and the most inconsistent of moderate Liberals spoke later than any of those persons who have just been mentioned. Mr. GOSCHEN rarely opens his mouth without giving the most admirable reasons, not merely for refusing to take office under Mr. GLADSTONE, but for opposing to the uttermost almost every proposition which Mr. GLADSTONE brings forward. It was possibly owing to an unwillingness to charge former colleagues with gross political blindness or grosser political mischief-making, that Mr. GOSCHEN affected to treat the democratic tendency of recent legislation as a new discovery. Those with whom Mr. GOSCHEN, but for a perversity more amiable than logical, would long ago have ranked himself have indulged in no delusions on this head for many years. The plea *in forma pauperis* which Mr. GOSCHEN made for himself and his fellow-moderates, and the attempt which he made to atone for heterodoxy in belief by an orthodox abuse of nominal opponents seem to betray a weakness which half justifies the indifference of Ministerial Liberals to the disapproval of one of their ablest men of business. Mr. GOSCHEN apparently has too much wit to be a Radical; he has too little resolution to be a consistent Constitutionalist.

THE WICKED SQUIRES.

PARTY politics have broken out again this week, and—as was to be expected—the question of the housing of the poor is being used as so much party capital. Lord SALISBURY is denounced by one Liberal paper as a Communistic agitator, while another clearly regards him as the modern type and leader of the legendary Bad Squires. His name is hooted by the politicians who applaud Mr. DAVITT, and whose meetings coincide with the attempt to wreck working-men's trains in the Metropolitan Railway. We have from the first expressed our conviction that the immediately pressing question—the better housing of the London poor—would be picked up as a party weapon. Already we hear that the Liberal SHORT and not the Conservative CODLIN is the true friend of the indigent, and already SHORT is showing his friendship in the ancient fashion. The discovery has been made that the Squires are a main cause of the overcrowding in cities. Let us examine this theory.

The charge which the Liberal friends of the poor bring against the Squires is this, that they have a privilege of depopulating the rural districts at the cost of the urban ratepayer. Any rates which Londoners may pay for the cleansing of our Augean stable in town will be (it seems) so much money given that the Wicked Squire may live in a small New Forest and sportive solitude of his own. This, at least, is one way of looking at the matter. But, in a less thoroughgoing mood, the suggestion is made that the laws which prevent landed property from changing hands rapidly and easily are the causes of overcrowding. Property (in consequence of these laws) gets into few hands, the owners prefer large farms (because rent is more readily collected), the system of large farming requires less human labour; and, finally, the superfluous labourers crowd into the towns. Therefore the Squires and the Land Laws cause the overcrowding. This is the theory, if we do not misrepresent or misunderstand it, of the responsibility of Squires. The opposite of this state of things would be one in which land changed hands easily, was bought in small parcels, and was tilled (the theory seems to be) by more men, so that there would be more demand for labourers and less crowding into towns.

To ourselves it appears that this whole theory of overcrowding is illogical. In the first place, if large farms and machine-labour are found to pay best, it stands to reason that machine-labour and large farms will prevail. To postulate against this would be as unwise as to reason against some innovation in the craft of making screw-nails whereby one artisan might do the work of three. If you are going to cast political economy overboard where land is concerned, why do you cleave to it where machinery is concerned? A new machine may throw artisans out of work, and by lowering their power to pay rent may drive them into overcrowded tenements. That is all right. But if a new system of tillage produces identical effects, that is all wrong. The Wicked Squire is at the bottom of the mischief. Again, the theory that a multitude of small properties is economically a desirable thing rests on the idea that large tillage does not really pay best, or on the idea that (in affairs connected with land) what pays best is of no importance. Admit, however, that small separate holdings are most economical, and the question arises, holdings of what size? If they are just large enough (as is often the case in America) to be worked by the farmer-proprietor and his family, what becomes of the labourers? They are not likely to be able either to buy or to rent holdings of this extent. In point of fact, too (though this has little to do with the discussion), no life is harder or drearier, as Americans say, than that of the small Pennsylvanian farmer. Enough to eat he has; but his whole time and energies are given to gaining that subsistence and to sleep. But we will suppose that the new holdings are smaller still, and are held by peasant proprietors chiefly busied with spade husbandry. Now it is acknowledged that such husbandry is not practicable in all English soils. "Experience has proved over and over again that "for a man to live in England by spade-husbandry on "four or five acres of land is the most miserable "existence possible. He can but just scrape a living, he "is always failing, his children are in rags, and debt "ultimately consumes him." So writes Mr. RICHARD JEFFERIES in an article on "The Wiltshire Labourer" in *Longman's Magazine*. In our country, as Mr. JEFFERIES says, "there is no plant like the vine whereby the small

"proprietor may prosper." How labourers prosper in Ireland, where the farms are small, every one knows. But, it may be replied, Ireland is not yet rid of the curse of landlords. Now we will grant that, if landlords were suddenly exterminated, and land divided among all hardy persons who wished to try their hands at agriculture, overcrowding would be diminished for a time. Then the failures among the new holders would be weeded out, land would again come into few hands, and so on *ad infinitum*. This would happen even if the heroic remedy of blowing up all Squires with dynamite, and without compensation, were adopted. We need not go very far to find an example. France went as near exterminating Squires as England is ever likely to do. France has a soil better suited than ours for the *petite culture*; the olive and vine are precisely the plants most useful to the small proprietor. Again, France has no scruples (as England has) about limiting her population. And what are the golden results of this abolition of Squires in a land by Nature adapted for spade and terrace tillage? Are the towns not overcrowded? Read any French novel or newspaper that deals with the subject. Is not the labour-market glutted? Read the reports of the Trade-Unions meetings in Paris. Are the artisans contented? Notoriously they are not. Are the small proprietors happy? They are ruined by the *phylloxera*. Having guillotined the Squires, the French Radicals want now to blow up the capitalists, and exterminate the *bourgeoisie*. And, if they succeeded in doing that, they would rapidly fall back into the condition of the Fuegians, where no man is allowed to have in private property a piece of cloth big enough to cover himself with decency. Such are the present, and such would be the future, results of the French movement by the friends of the poor man, compared to which anything as yet suggested in *Macmillan's Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* is mere rosewater revolution. The Cyclops proposed to eat ODYSSEUS, the last of his companions, and this prospect did not allure the Ithacan. But the modern Liberal English *bourgeois* seems quite pleased at the idea of being eaten by the Cyclops of Revolution, if only he is eaten "the last" of his companions"—after the Crown and the Church and the Squires have all been gobbled up. Singular shortsightedness or singular resignation!

We have already spoken of Mr. JEFFERIES's article on "The Wiltshire Labourer," and this essay by a man who knows his subject will well repay its readers. Mr. JEFFERIES finds that the promises of better times in the labourer's life which he discerned ten years ago have not been fulfilled. There is more independence, more education, some better cottages—that is all. Ten years ago, large sums were expended (by the Squires, alas!) on cottages built "on sanitary principles." Allotments and large gardens were added to the cottages. Work was plentiful. Now work is scarce, and men of the labouring class migrate to other districts, emigrate, or go into the towns. The long series of wet seasons has diminished enterprise and work. The same thing happens in factories when trade is bad. A saving would be effected in factories if the capitalist were blown up, and his savings distributed among the hands. A saving would be effected in agriculture if the landlord were "taken off," and if the farmer had no rent to pay. There is a considerable desire among advanced minds in England to abolish the landlord. In France, the enlightened want to explode the capitalist. But both projects are scarcely even yet within the sphere of practical politics, and work is scarce in Wiltshire, and labourers are leaving, simply because all conditions are adverse to English agriculture. Mr. JEFFERIES says that the "hamlets and villages are 'really full,' and that every one who cannot get adequate wages travels away—some, no doubt, to aid in overcrowding the towns. Mr. JEFFERIES does not attribute this depopulation of the country to the exercise of a privilege by the Squire. But he does hold that the Squires might fix a considerable population in the country by giving the labourer fixity of tenure of his cottage, by informing him that "so long as he pays his rent he will not be disturbed." The burden of this fixity of cottage tenure will fall, Mr. JEFFERIES says, on the Squire. "It is always the landlord 'who has to bear the burden in the end.' Yet, in this case, the pecuniary burden is slight, as 'at the present time these cottages let on sufferance do not bring one 'shilling to the landlord.'" To the cottages let on his principle Mr. JEFFERIES would add some two acres of garden "at purely agricultural rental," with facilities for purchase. With his labour, and with his cultivation of his

plot, the hind would be a man no longer illiterate; well-to-do, independent, and self-respecting, "able to give his children a fixed home to come back to, able even to push them in life, if they wish to leave employment on the 'land.'" To Mr. JEFFERIES's scheme we foresee objections on the side of the farmer. Is it not found in Ireland that, when the landlord has been terrorized in favour of the tenant, it becomes necessary to terrorize the farmer in the interest of the labourer? But as the farmer does not give himself social airs, his attitude towards his labourers has not yet wakened the noble indignation of the comfortable British Radical.

Neither the attack nor the defence of the landed interest should lead away persons who really care for the condition of the poor from the immediate pressing question. Let us insist on having full official knowledge of the present rookeries. Let us insist that houses which are pestilential nuisances shall come down, and that the men who traffic in them shall be compensated at the real, not at the fancy, value of the tenements. These are things that have to be done.

EGYPT.

THE references to the much-vexed question of the continuance of English occupation in Egypt made by Lord HARTINGTON and Sir CHARLES DILKE during the present week must be assisted by and assist the interest with which persons who care for that matter will study the volume in which Mr. MACKENZIE WALLACE has just published, with Messrs. MACMILLAN, the results of his six months' investigations of the country. Of Mr. WALLACE's exceptional qualifications for the task it is almost unnecessary to speak, though the first of them—his want of previous acquaintance with Egypt—may seem somewhat paradoxical. The truth is, however, that when any subject has for a long time been the exclusive property of a set of specialists, their opinions on it, though certainly not lacking in value, need comparison and correction at the hands of competent but unbiassed persons. Mr. WALLACE is certainly competent to the difficult task of examining the actual condition of an Oriental country, and the record of his examination seems to show a total freedom from bias. He is even far from complimentary to the Anglo-Egyptian officials, whose interest, with the ordinary pettiness and jealousy of Radical logic, is sometimes considered to be at the bottom of the demand for a prolonged occupation. Yet the result of his inquiries, patiently made and long continued, is that, without at least the Corporal's guard for a considerable time to come, the last stage of Egypt must be infinitely worse than the first. His book will not so much inform as confirm those who have already studied the subject, either on the spot or by critical comparison of already existing authorities; but it will confirm their results with the best kind of corroboration, that which is entirely independent. The total lack of anything that can be described as a sufficient basis of autonomous popular government, the entire subjection of the producing class to a greedy, corrupt, tyrannical, and too often incapable bureaucracy, the extreme danger of an economic crisis, disastrous in itself, and more than likely to produce new political disasters, the certainty of other European nations putting in for the prize which England abandons, and the entire inefficacy, from the Egyptian point of view, of a mere garrison of observation at Cyprus or Aden, are all brought out by Mr. WALLACE with a clearness which can only fail in conviction to those who have made up their minds not to be convinced. How little prejudice there is in his diagnosis can best be shown by mentioning his admission that in the Arabist movement there were what are called in the slang of the day germs of national life. It is possible to be of a very different opinion as to that movement. But it is clear that no one who thinks as he does on the subject has approached that subject with any Jingo or Imperialist prepossessions, or with any dislike to nationalities, to popular government, or to any other of the favourite political idols of those who are most urgent for the withdrawal.

That Ministers should be found in substantial agreement with the views which Mr. WALLACE expresses, and which he shows, not unsuccessfully, to admit of complete harmonizing with their own declarations, and with the undertakings given to other European Powers, is hardly to be expected. Indeed, one of the few definite announcements

which have been made, that of the principle of gradual withdrawal from the capital to the coast, is directly and earnestly argued against in Mr. WALLACE's book. But it is fair to say that even yet nothing has been said by any Minister recently to confirm the sinister anticipations of complete "scuttling" which were put forward not long ago. Lord HARTINGTON speaks of nothing but a partial withdrawal, and his words, "We have not remained, and shall not remain, there for the purpose of annexing another province, or of further extending the already great responsibilities of the Empire," are not incompatible with anything that Mr. WALLACE wishes or that is wished by the vast majority of reasonable politicians who oppose withdrawal. The partisans of annexation are exceedingly few, and as far as Egypt is concerned it would be so difficult to increase or extend the responsibility already incurred by England, that very little apprehension need be entertained on that score. As in all cases but that of a famous and indiscreet utterance of Lord HARTINGTON's own which the lapse of time has long made obsolete and harmless, Ministerial expressions are in this matter compatible indeed with the wrong policy, but also compatible with the right one. Nor is Sir CHARLES DILKE, who during the last Egyptian debate cheered the hearts of the scuttlers by language apparently more definite than Mr. GLADSTONE's guarded generalities, on this occasion more favourable to them. He hopes for a substantial reduction in the garrison; he hopes for a move away from the capital to the coast; he tells us (which is a very interesting piece of information) that the KHEDIVÉ and his Ministers do not wish so large an English force to remain—at their expense, he might have added. But here, also, there is nothing fatal. There are, indeed, many reasons for thinking that English troops are more valuable at Cairo than at Alexandria; but this is a mere point of detail, on which no advocate of indefinite, though not necessary infinite, occupation would dream of insisting as vital, however important he might consider it. Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues may perhaps have had orders to reserve the launching of the *coup de foudre* for Mr. GLADSTONE himself; and the respite at present enjoyed may be suddenly terminated by a decree of execution on next Friday night. But for the present, as after every Ministerial utterance on the subject for many months, a feeling of relief must be uppermost with those who understand Egypt and who care for England. Whatever blunder may be in store, it has not yet been taken out of store. The expenditure of blood and treasure, and the wonderful gifts of fortune of last year, have not yet been made of none effect.

That it is in the interest of Egypt no less than in that of England—that immediately, at least, it is very much more in the interest of Egypt than in that of England—that the occupation should not be determined is sufficiently certain. Independently of the admitted immaturity of the extensive reforms set on foot in consequence of Lord DUFFERIN's programme, all intelligence goes to show that Egypt is in more than a precarious, that she is in a positively dangerous condition. Whether any country could get on long in the totally anomalous circumstances of having a fifth of its arable soil nominally farmed by the State, but really by the assignees of foreign creditors, may be a general proposition not worth the arguing. But that in the particular case the ordinary fashions of Oriental government are not equal to the management of so peculiar a problem is certain, and indeed admitted. That the new régime has dislocated the relations of Egyptian life, has strengthened the influence of those curses of the country, and of every country where they exist, the local usurers; that the disuse, at least the nominal disuse, of the rough-and-ready methods of administration has not been followed by the introduction of anything better; that the cholera has shown the helplessness, if nothing worse, of the native authorities, are facts indisputable, and almost undisputed. It is certain (though this is a matter on which Mr. WALLACE, for obvious reasons, touches very lightly) that the Power which once shared with England the direction of Egyptian affairs is anxiously waiting for the least opportunity of recovering her influence; and that, putting English interests entirely on one side for the moment, this attitude, unless resolutely met, can only be fraught with disaster to the natives, whose welfare must be postponed to the chances of a tug of war between opposing diplomatists. Lastly, the somewhat contradictory news from the Soudan requires attention. Whether, as the more favourable reports go, HICKS PASHA has been successful in crushing the Mahdi, or

whether the insurgents have been successful in surprising Egyptian detachments, and harassing or cutting the communications of the main body, it will equally be necessary for the KHEDIVÉ's Government shortly to make up its mind what to do with these regions. Some people of no small authority think that Egypt never had any business there at all; others think that, whether she had or had not, the task of administering provinces at such a distance must, for some time to come at any rate, be too much for her finances, besides encouraging the professional military class in a very undesirable way. Whatever opinion may be formed on this question, it is certainly one which a native ruler and a native Ministry, untutored by the greater experience and longer foresight of Europeans, are very ill qualified to solve. Nor are the relations of Egypt and Turkey exactly such as may be trusted to go by themselves. The advocates of scuttling often admit all these things, indeed, without confessing their ignorance of the subject, they cannot help admitting them. But they say that the necessary influence can be exercised as well without the Corporal's guard as with it. Mr. WALLACE has retorted not unhappily that the proposed course of action is somewhat hypocritical—that if we intend to remain in Egypt substantially we might as well remain in outward and visible evidence. A more weighty argument still, and one which no one possessing the slightest knowledge of Oriental character or of practical affairs will undervalue, is that the outward and visible evidence is in this case the substance, or at least the most valuable part of it; that out of sight out of mind is here no figure of speech, but an actual fact; and that the proposed course involves as one of its least unfortunate probabilities the doing of the work of Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir over again, and perhaps with less restriction of resistance to native Egyptian forces.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

THE agrarian agitators of the Farmers' Alliance have lost no time in renewing their attacks on landed property. The rapidity with which they have advanced on their original demands is almost unprecedented even in a period of incessant innovation. As Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE said in his article on the Agricultural Holdings Act, "previous to 1881 no thought was entertained in any quarter of giving security to tenants beyond making compulsory the Act of 1875." Mr. JAMES HOWARD, as Mr. LEFEVRE further shows, had boasted that the schedules of that Act were taken from a Bill of his own; and it was not till 1882 that the Alliance first proposed to create a saleable tenant-right. On the eve of the Session of 1883, with the opportune aid of Sir JAMES CAIRD, who had up to that time professed to stand aloof from the movement, the Alliance for the first time brought forward the supposed claims of the sitting tenant, whose grievances had not been earlier discovered. According to Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, there was no strong sympathy with the demands of the Farmers' Alliance, even among the advanced members of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. "The few friends of that Association did not even venture to raise this question directly, or in a form in which it could be discussed or voted upon in the House. Their proposals, which most nearly approached this point, but which were very far short of it, were rejected by overwhelming majorities, and they obtained no substantial support from those members who specially represent the tenant-farmers." Nevertheless within three months from the close of the Session, the agitators have returned to the charge, with the avowed object of electing to the next Parliament members charged with the promotion of the interests of tenants. Like the organizers of other factious combinations, the promoters of the movement confine their attention exclusively to the advantage of their own interests without regard either to justice or to the general welfare.

Meetings of the Alliance have already been held in Hampshire and in Kent for the avowed purpose of opposing at a future election members who have not supported the principle of joint-ownership of land. As the same disqualification affects nearly the whole House of Commons, the real intention of the owners is, perhaps, not so much to start candidates of their own as to offer their support to the highest bidders. Bribery of this kind is touched by no Corrupt Practices Act; and probably unscrupulous politicians may be ready to buy at the cost of profligate

pledges a certain number of votes. A so-called Conference of the Alliance has since been held in London for the purpose of passing a string of resolutions which define the object of the agitation. The managers declare that the Act of last Session is only valuable as a Parliamentary recognition of the right of the tenant to compensation for improvements, and they truly assert that it falls far short of creating tenant-right, or, in other words, joint-ownership. In substance their demands amount to the extension to Great Britain of the principles of the Irish Land Act. It has been repeatedly shown that compensation to a sitting tenant, even if it were not transparently iniquitous, would involve the judicial assessment of rents and the establishment of a saleable tenant-right. In Irish legislation Parliament either believed or thought it expedient to assume that the tenant had already acquired a property which only required the security of legislative sanction. It is true that in 1870 Mr. GLADSTONE earnestly repudiated the principle which he affirmed and enforced in 1881; but even in the later stage of his conversion he protested that the peculiar circumstances of Ireland justified measures which would be wholly inapplicable to England.

If Irish landlords were to make an involuntary sacrifice for reasons of public policy, there could be no difference of opinion as to the proper objects of the vicarious benevolence of Parliament. The occupiers were, through their absolute dependence on the land, and by reason of their general poverty, the natural heirs or assignees of the partially expropriated landlord. There is not the slightest reason why the capitalists of the Farmers' Alliance should receive a gratuitous boon, even if Parliament had the necessary funds at its disposal. One of the resolutions passed at the London Conference recalls the consistent antipathy of the Alliance to the law of distress, and the perfectly intelligible reason of the dislike. Against the opinion of some high authorities, and in an intelligible spirit of concession, the opponents, or rather the critics, of the Bill agreed that the right of distress should extend only to one year's rent or arrear. It had been clearly ascertained by the Royal Commission that the great majority of farmers regarded with apprehension a total repeal of the existing law. The security retained by the landlord enables him to give credit to less wealthy tenants, and consequently increases the competition for farms. The capitalists who hoped to acquire or strengthen their monopoly were alone hostile to the continuance of the power of distress. Their representatives and the Farmers' Alliance now assert, with a certain admixture of plausibility, that the limitation of the law of distress renders it more probable that the power will be exercised, and consequently tends to diminish rather than increase the tenant's credit with bankers or traders. If a repeal of the limitation would be agreeable to the tenants, the landlords would certainly offer no opposition.

It seems that the agitators, as at present advised, have no purpose of renewing their contention in the present Parliament. They know as well as their adversaries that they would have no chance of success, and that both the country and the Legislature would, irrespectively of the merits of the question, be unwilling to disturb a recent settlement. The activity of the Alliance is nevertheless probably suggested by deliberate calculation. There is some reason for the suspicion that the farmers who at the last election supported the Government may be disposed on a future occasion to resume their former allegiance. Most of them are probably satisfied with the Agricultural Holdings Bill, and of those who are discontented some may perhaps resent the moderation of the Government. Their immediate prospect of seeing their control of the county elections transferred to the labourers will cause prudent farmers to reflect. No tenant-right Bill would make up to them for a wages Bill, or a Bill for the limitation of hours of labour, or a measure for the division of large farms into petty freeholds. In these circumstances an adroit political speculator may perhaps hope to obtain valuable consideration for securing a certain number of county votes to the Government. Mr. HOWARD himself can hardly hope to organize a farmers' party; but he may think it possible to make an advantageous bargain. The project may possibly have some amount of success, and in ordinary times it might be comparatively feasible; but petty intrigues on behalf of special interests may probably be rendered abortive by the overwhelming importance of more vital political issues.

In the meantime, comparatively modest aspirants to a share in their neighbours' property may advantageously

consider more ambitious schemes for the confiscation of the whole. At the same time at which the Farmers' Alliance held its Conference, the Land Reform Union resolved that Mr. HENRY GEORGE should be employed to follow up the agrarian teaching of Mr. DAVITT. Nationalization is but another name for the robbery of those who have invested their capital in land. The advocates of the doctrine at the Trades-Union Congress angrily protested against a conventional suggestion that Englishmen were too honest to take the property of others without compensation. Mr. DAVITT has often announced that the Irish landowners when they are banished from their native country will not be entitled even to the price of their passage to Holyhead. The same demagogue has lately been engaged by the revolutionary club which calls itself the Land Reform Union to apply the same doctrines to the ownership of land in Great Britain. The Money or Personalty Reform League, though its objects would be equally plausible, has not yet been ostensibly constituted. The malcontent farmers by no means desire the intrusion of the State, or, in other words, of the whole population on the land which they seek to appropriate to themselves. It would be impossible to convince a hungry multitude of an exclusive right, founded on contract with the former owner or on occupation. That a capitalist should farm five hundred or eight hundred acres with a valuable stock, with expensive machinery, and by the aid of a body of hired labourers, is by no means the intention of the theorists who would nationalize the land. The saleable tenant right, which it is the object of the Alliance to establish, might often, as in Ireland, be equal in value to the fee simple, and it would therefore be equally acceptable to the Land Union reformers. The ulterior disposal of the plunder has never been definitely settled by Mr. DAVITT, Mr. WALLACE, or their confederates. It is only negatively certain that it would not be handed over to wealthy and skilful employers of labour. The Nationalizers have so far the advantage of the Farmers' Alliance that the accomplishment of their designs would, in the first instance, visibly enrich the general community, or at least the dominant section. No enterprise is so cheap and so profitable as simple robbery. Mr. DAVITT was well advised in expatiating to a sympathizing audience on the numerous objects to which the rental of the United Kingdom might be applied. Exactly the same arguments might be used to prove the expediency of wiping out the National Debt or of sacking the Bank of England. In either case the pious Chairman of the meeting might have quoted Scripture for his purpose. Mr. DAVITT did not include in his list of benefactions a free gift to the members and constituents of the Farmers' Alliance. The mere division of property in land into rent and tenant-right would benefit no one but the privileged tenant. The agrarian Communists are, of course, not disinclined to encourage the more limited demand because any arbitrary transfer of property serves as a precedent for further interference with vested rights. If one man's rights are to be given to another on the frivolous pretext that he would exercise them more profitably, many speculative economists are in the habit of asserting that spade-husbandry is more productive than cultivation by steam-ploughs. As questions of this kind are never solved by argument, it is perhaps more to the purpose to remember that in a contest between farming capitalists and would-be freeholders, the preponderance of physical force would be on the side of the greater number. The door of Communistic anarchy must be either open or shut. If property is to exist, the right of its possessors must not be infringed by the spoliation of one class to satisfy the cupidity of another.

LORD SALISBURY AND SIR CHARLES DILKE.

SINCE the prorogation there has been no oratorical duel more interesting, and, until the reassembling of Parliament, there is not likely to be one of greater interest, than the duel between Lord SALISBURY and Sir CHARLES DILKE on Tuesday night. Its interest was assuredly not lessened by the fact that the places of speaking were as far apart as Reading and Glasgow, and that it was impossible for either of the two orators to know what the other was saying. At this time, whatever may sometimes be the case, the antagonism between the extreme wings of the two great parties is so marked and so definite that no utterance by a champion of either who holds the first rank can fail to be a more or less direct traverse of any utterance of a

champion of the other. On this occasion the jousts were not too unequally mated. No one disputes—Sir CHARLES DILKE himself acknowledged the fact in one of those gibes in which the intended sarcasm is blunted by the obvious truth—that Lord SALISBURY is “the man of genius of the ‘Tory party.’” His genius, according to a habit of that quality, may sometimes puzzle his followers, and may lead him to particular acts which do not altogether satisfy those of his critics to whom the name of followers is not appropriate. But no one whose opinion can be said to be in political matters of any worth doubts that, as Lord SALISBURY is the ablest, or one of the ablest defenders of Toryism, so he is also one of the most convinced. It is impossible to imagine him, whatever might have been his lot in life, a convinced Radical. His faculty of detecting sophistry is too keen, his intolerance of sham and gush too great, his inability to stoop to cajolery or to blind himself by enthusiasm too complete, to have made him at any time adopt with any sincerity or with any success the singular creed—compact of self-delusion and charlatanism—which is called Radical. On the other hand, Sir CHARLES DILKE, if the least convinced, is probably the ablest of the Radicals. His intellectual powers are not marred by the qualities which make of Mr. MORLEY the most amiable and brilliant member in the Académie des Sciences Politiques of the Radical Lagado; nor by the defects which, owing to education, class and sectarian prejudice, and the long influence of a parochial *milieu* in early life, have warped and cramped the undoubted abilities of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. There is, indeed, no reason, except his own choice, why Sir CHARLES DILKE should be a Radical at all. No one will accuse the apostle of permeation—the skilful artist who obtained the assent of the House of Commons to the withdrawal from Candahar by an adroit intimation of the Czar’s supposed intention to withdraw from the Tekke country—of the single-minded fanaticism which devotes itself to a definite political creed. If any one observed to Sir CHARLES that “Radicalism lay in his way, and he found it,” he would doubtless reply, “Peace, chewet, peace.” But, unless any representatives of the Chelsea Caucus were present, the reply would be made with a smiling countenance, and rather as a tribute to SHAKESPEARE than as a rebuke to the critic.

The speeches of these two speakers reflected the differences which this slight parallel of their political attitude has brought out. Sir CHARLES DILKE’s Glasgow address was an admirable one, none the less admirable that it was made under some difficulties. Not a few Glasgow Liberals had openly resented the intrusion of Mr. SCHNADHORST and his creatures, and so clever a man as Sir CHARLES DILKE must have known perfectly well that a Glasgow meeting with a Birmingham chairman testified to a certain rottenness in the state of affairs. But the accomplished adventurer in politics, as in other things, has to bear *contre fortune bon cœur*, and Sir CHARLES broke his lance in the evening undisturbed by the absence of any Glaswegian King or Queen of Beauty at the earlier meeting in the afternoon. It was very well broken, too. That there was not a trace of any comprehensive or generous theory of national politics, except a dexterous and evasive counter to the charge of indifference to national interests, was to be expected, for what is there comprehensive or generous in Radicalism? That the speech abounded with still more dexterous panderings to provincial hatred of “London society,” with smart personalities on eccentric or obnoxious members of the Tory party, with eulogies of “our great leader, Mr. GLADSTONE,” and “my colleague, Mr. ‘FIRTH’” (Sir CHARLES did not tell his hearers how my colleague, Mr. FIRTH, had taken his rebuff at Leeds), of bold variations on the history of foreign politics, and of attacks on Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, was not more surprising, for where would Radicalism be if personalities were dropped, if petty jealousies were sunk, if adulation of our great leader were for a moment postponed to care for the country, and if the electors were allowed to remember that the late Government was not responsible for the Zulu War, and that the late Opposition stood committed to an almost unanimous approval of the Transvaal annexation? But all these commonplaces of Radical polemic were managed very cleverly indeed. Nothing could exceed the ingenuous gravity with which Sir CHARLES DILKE compared the population of Eye and the population of Glasgow, and victoriously demolished the proposition (he forgot to mention what Tory orator ever advanced it) that the rating of the latter was equal to the rating of the former. The carrying out of this process of arithmetic

occupied nearly a column in the reports of the newspapers, and doubtless every one of Sir CHARLES DILKE’s hearers glowed with the thought that he, even he, was not to be duped into the belief that twenty-six thousand pounds was the same as twelve millions. It is not probable that Sir CHARLES DILKE glowed, but if his eye had caught that of any Tory augur in the gallery he might possibly have chuckled. No one knows better than Sir CHARLES that what all Tories and many Liberals contend is that, not that Eye is as populous or as rich as Glasgow, but that it is desirable that communities like Glasgow should not smother and silence communities like Eye. But no hint of any such contention, or of his knowledge of it, will be found in the ingenious party harangue which was addressed to Mr. SCHNADHORST in his temporary character of a citizen of Glasgow. On the other hand, there is to be found a sneer, which has scandalized even the organs of Sir CHARLES DILKE’s own party, at Lord SALISBURY’s attempt to deal with the great question of the housing of the poor; a diatribe against that tour of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE’s which Lord HARTINGTON on the same day confessed to have been productive of an important display of Irish loyalty; and an attack on those unlucky Jingoos who, if the last words of Sir CHARLES DILKE’s speech are to be taken as sincere, merely hold in a somewhat different way the views as to the greatness of England which Sir CHARLES is proud of holding himself.

Even the most thoroughgoing opponent must recognize something different from this merely clever electioneering in the tone of Lord SALISBURY’s speeches at Reading. They contained, of course, plenty of purely partisan polemics, with the whole of which it is not necessary to concur. Opposition speeches are supposed to do so, though for the last three years partisan polemics have, somehow or other, formed the staple of Government speeches as well. But Lord SALISBURY has apparently availed himself of his rivals’ unwillingness to make use of their official prerogative of superiority to party considerations, and has taken this better part on himself. His formulation of the character and duties of the House of Lords must have commended itself alike to reasonable Liberals and to reasonable Conservatives. No one whose ignorance and whose carelessness of history are less full-fledged than those of the average Radical can be unaware that the representation of the House of Lords as consistently Tory and anti-popular is simply false. No one, on the other hand, who is politically sane regards it as the duty of the House of Lords to be consistently Tory and anti-popular, or to persist in rejecting measures demanded by the deliberate, distinct, and reiterated expression of the national wishes. But the whole value, and, in the eyes of most capable politicians, the inestimable value, of the House of Lords is that it is its duty and its practice to see that the expression is deliberate and distinct, and to wait till its distinctness and deliberation are emphasized by due repetition. Those who object to such a regulator of politics can only have one excuse for their objection—the consciousness that the measures and objects they have most at heart are not such as are likely to commend themselves to the nation except in moments of accidental or factitious excitement. The very terms of the indictments they bring against the House of Lords, the very stanzas of the songs of triumph they sing over it as having always capitulated, show what its action has really been. The matter indeed is too plain to need with impartial thinkers more than a moment’s consideration. In politics there are no steps backward, and wherever it is impossible to retrace a step it is also impossible to be too careful in planting the foot. If the House of Lords had never succeeded in guiding the national foot (and it has often so succeeded), it has at least constantly checked it from hasty motion. It is this function which it will continue to perform until the national unwisdom has reached a higher point than to all appearance it has yet reached or (to judge from the result of the recent municipal elections) is on the point of reaching.

THE TRADES’ CONFERENCE IN PARIS.

DURING the past week the International Trades’ Conference has been holding its sittings in Paris. To Englishmen perhaps the most satisfactory feature in it, so far as can be gathered from the summarized reports which have been published, is the superior sense and moderation displayed by the delegates from this country. Mr. BROADHURST, who, notwithstanding his want of know-

ledge of the French language, was elected President of the Conference, discussed most of the questions before it with a fairness and temperance which must have seemed strange to many of his Continental hearers. It must have surprised not a few French workmen present to hear that in England legislation in favour of the labouring classes has been the work of a Parliament drawn almost entirely from the middle and upper ranks of society. The main safeguards which exist in this country against the more destructive forms of Socialism are wanting on the other side of the Channel. Though it is, unhappily, true that in England extreme poverty can co-exist with enormous wealth, yet between the two lie so many gradations of fortune and social position that no one class can wholly lose touch of the rest. It is significant of the strength of the ties which bind together the various classes in this country—notwithstanding constant attempts to set the one at variance with the other—that, in constituencies where the artisan class is predominant, the member returned to Parliament is nearly always chosen from a class different from that of the majority of the electors. It is certain that, if the manual labourers in such constituencies felt their interests to be opposed to those who possess realized capital, they would, as they can, send to Parliament men of their own order, instead of preferring, as they do, representatives belonging to classes which the foreign artisan looks upon as his worst enemies. Nothing in the proceedings of the Conference was more worthy of note than the corrective which Mr. BROADHURST applied to the denunciations of the *bourgeoisie*, in which French Socialistic orators are in the habit of indulging. Nor is anything more significant of the true state of French society than the fact that between the operatives and labourers on the one hand, and the capitalists (whether large or small) on the other, there exists such a gulf that the former can only regard the latter as their natural foes. It is hard to say what share national character, and what share historical and social circumstances, may have had in creating this sharp division of feelings and interests between the two classes in France. But it exists in such intensity as to make mutual understanding nearly impossible. The hatred shown in Paris and the large towns of France by many of those who live from hand to mouth against those who have saved or inherited any capital, however small, marks what is one of the most important differences between the civilization of the two countries. There can be hardly an intelligent artisan or agricultural labourer in this country who does not know from his own personal experience that those whom fortune and their own exertions have made wealthier than himself are not looking out for chances of enriching themselves by making the poor still poorer. On the contrary, it is known to them all that the initiative to most of the improvements in the condition of the working classes, and most also of the practical work in the same noble cause, has come from above; and even those among the ignorant poor who are not aware of what legislation has done for them, or of the persons to whom this legislation has been due, have often found their kindest personal friends and helpers among the same classes.

It is probably mainly due to these causes that the combinations among workmen in England have been so different in character from those on the Continent. The English workman can count on a fair hearing for every real or fancied injustice from which he suffers, and he can also, in every case of a true grievance, count on the active support and championship of many who do not belong to his order. Mr. BROADHURST, in counselling patient and steady action for the improvement of the working classes, can appeal to half a century of progress in England made by peaceful means and without that bitterness of feeling on either side which often poisons the relations of labourers and capitalists abroad. On one important point, however, he seems to have shown less than his usual fairness; and on this point he was supported by the whole Conference. A resolution was unanimously carried declaring that "With respect to the employment of foreign labour in any country the International Trades-Union Conference urges workmen above all things to accept the conditions of labour established by the national and local Trades-Unions of different countries, and not to undertake work on terms which would undersell native labour to the profit and advantage of employers." That is to say, if the proposition is consistently carried out, that no foreign labour at all is to be employed in any country. It is hard to see on what principle of justice or economics this can be asserted. If a man wants a piece of work done,

and those in his own country will not do it on terms which he is willing to give, why should a foreigner competent to do it be debarred from earning the money? One of the main checks on the arbitrary strikes which paralyse labour and capital alike is the knowledge that, if one man will not do a piece of work, another man will. In the hypothetical case of a general strike of labour against capital, it is clear that one of two things would happen—either the labourer, having less reserved funds to live upon, must give in, or else he must plunder the capitalist in order not to starve. It is hard, apart from hypothetical cases, to see how, in the present condition of labour, the workman in general would be practically benefited by such provisions against foreign labour. It is complained that the Irishman comes to England, and the Italian to Switzerland, South Germany, and France, and take bread from the mouths of the English, Swiss, Germans, and French. No doubt the influx of foreign labour may be temporarily the cause of a reduced rate of wages. But it may also serve to avert an economic crisis far more disastrous to the labouring classes than a mere reduction of wages. Supposing, which is happily not likely to be the case, that there were an embittered quarrel between labourers and those who employ labour in England, the importation of foreign labour would be the only conceivable means by which a violent revolution could be avoided. Nor could anything be more hurtful to the labouring classes at large than any such general prohibition of foreign labour. Labour naturally tends to flow towards the countries where it finds its best reward. Men mostly emigrate, either permanently or for a time, in order to better themselves. With what justice can Mr. BROADHURST say to the foreign workmen who came over to England during a strike in the building trade, and took the places of the men on strike, that they had no right to do so? Suppose that, through their not having come, the strike had succeeded, and the workmen's wages had been raised in consequence. The profits, then, of the foreign workmen would have been proportionately diminished; for it was the difference between the wages which they earned at home and those which they could get in England which prompted them to come. With what face can the British workman ask the foreign workman to stay at home and earn little, when by coming to England he can in fair competition earn more? Why, again, on the same principle, should the British workman emigrate to America and the British Colonies, knowing, as he does, that while he is going to gain higher wages than he received in the old country, his arrival will tend to reduce the rate of wages in the new one? Mr. BROADHURST's argument would in this country, if practically carried out, inevitably lead to the violent results which he so earnestly deprecates. It cannot be supposed that, if we prevent in any way the importation of cheaper labour from abroad, other countries in which English labour can undersell native labour will not do the same. We should thus have an increasing population debarred of its natural outlet, and a rate of wages tending therefore to decrease. The decrease could only be temporarily stopped by a violent appropriation of the property of the wealthy, which would end, as all such means do, in making the last state of the poor worse than the first.

Happily there is no likelihood that these arbitrary restrictions on the free circulation of labour will find much favour among working-men. The natural and just instinct which leads a man to go where his work brings him most happiness and profit will always war against such theories. In England especially there is a fairness of mind among the mass of the people which renders them averse to this lop-sided logic. What the Englishman who emigrates practises in America, in the Colonies, and in all parts of the world, he will not deny to others in his own country. Whatever inconveniences may attach to the principle of free labour, they are trifling compared to the vast evils which would result from the interference, either by law or by custom, with the natural right which a man possesses to do for himself the best that he can by his own honest exertions. It is to be regretted that this so-called "International" Conference has done its best to foment just what is liable to become most vicious in national feeling. The exclusion of foreigners from the labour markets of the various countries of the world would do more to estrange nations from one another than all the wars against which the Conference has raised its protest.

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

THE mutual compliments of the distinguished persons who took part in the ceremony of closing the Fisheries Exhibition were much less of a mere matter of form than such expressions usually are. The Exhibition has indeed been exceptionally successful. We have had so many shows of the kind within the last thirty years that it might have seemed impossible to make another which should possess the attraction of novelty. But, whether from the want of foresight in previous organizers, or because the public was in a mood to take exceptional interest in the affairs of the sea, the Fisheries Exhibition appeared to be something quite new. It doubtless profited not a little by its comparative simplicity. Universal Exhibitions are apt to be confusing, whereas the late great show at Kensington had the advantage of unity without being monotonous. By general consent, too, it was admirably arranged. The exhibits were put where they could be seen to most advantage. Complaints were heard that the catalogue might have been clearer. It was full, and when the visitor had mastered it, instructive; but it was so intricate in its arrangement as to be almost useless to the visitor who wanted to use it as a guide. This defect was not, however, of a nature to interfere with the pleasure of the majority of visitors. People who go to exhibitions do not ask for instruction, but for amusement, and of that they had plenty. Most Englishmen feel an interest in the affairs of the sea; and, if they do not, they most affect the virtue which they want. At Kensington there were maritime objects of all kinds to be seen, to say nothing of beasts and machines and pictures. The things were interesting in themselves, and they were shown with the utmost skill. Electric lighting and music were used to heighten the general attraction, and people who did not care for fisheries came for the bands. From a financial point of view the results have been most satisfactory. More than two millions and a half of entrance fees have been paid during the five months that the Exhibition has lasted. The average of admissions has been nearly twenty thousand a day, and a quarter of a million of visitors have been supplied with an excellent fish dinner for the very moderate sum of sixpence. In other ways the results have been satisfactory. It has been found that Londoners can amuse themselves very well during an evening by listening to good music, and looking at pretty things, without the assistance of acrobats, and other such popular spectacles. The delight which has been expressed over this discovery has perhaps been somewhat exaggerated. Novelty and fashion had a great deal to do with the popularity of the Fisheries Exhibition. A permanent show of the same character might not prove to possess lasting attractions. But it is well to remember that although the gardens at Kensington were by no means wholly unfrequented by the class of persons who commonly congregate in places of public amusement, there was no sort of disorder. If it would be too much to argue that because an exceptionally interesting exhibition can once in a way attract the better classes of the community, therefore places of amusement in the middle of such a city could be permanently kept in the condition of the public garden of a small German town, yet the success of this Exhibition has undoubtedly proved that there is more to be done in the way of providing such places of amusement than has commonly been supposed.

It is perhaps ungracious to ask of a show of this kind, What good has it done? Its apologists might answer that it has given a great deal of wholesome amusement, and that is enough. More than that, however, has been claimed for it. Enthusiastic directors and critics have asserted that, in some not very clearly defined way, it would lead to extensively general improvements in the fisheries, and lower the price of one kind of food for the poor of London. When the people who must get the utmost possible value for their money saw how many fish there are in the sea, and how easy it is to get them out, they would, these enthusiastic persons thought, and think, immediately insist on being supplied with such wholesome food at more moderate rates than at present. Before inquiring how the Fisheries Exhibition was to instruct the poor of London, it would have been well to calculate how many of them have seen it. The total number of admissions has reached a little over two million six hundred thousand—that is to say, rather more than half the population of London. Allowing for the fact that many

visitors have gone scores of times, and have been counted as a separate person each time, and remembering that many of them have been foreigners or countrymen, it is probably safe to calculate that nothing like two million adult Londoners have seen the Fisheries Exhibition. Among these probably no very large proportion belonged to what, in the strictest sense, can be called the poor. It may, therefore, safely be asserted that to large numbers of the really poor inhabitants of London the Exhibition has been a name only. Cheap fish, however, would be a benefit of no small importance to thousands of Londoners who do not belong to the very poor; and, if the Exhibition could help to lower the price for them, it would deserve more than all the good things which have been said of it. No explanation, however, has ever been given of the means by which it was to do the State this service. The price of fish as of other articles must be settled by the higgling of the market. As long as West End fishmongers have to pay enormous rents, and to protect themselves against the risk of loss of their whole stock by the use of more or less costly methods to keep it fresh, fish will be dear. It is cheap enough in the East of London, where customers are within reach of the market, and sellers can dispense with a shop and the use of ice. The poor who do not buy fish are those who buy very little of anything. No fall in prices can be of much use to people who make on an average seven shillings a week all the year round.

The hopeful people who thought that the Fisheries Exhibition would necessarily create a revolution in the fish market were, in fact, committing the good old-fashioned mistake of taking an effect for a cause. Cheaper fish may be hoped to come because of the Exhibition; but, however that may turn out, the Exhibition has been held, and has been a success because the use of fish as food has greatly increased of late years. The development of the railway system, the use of ice, and the employment of steamers in the fisheries has resulted in an enormous increase in the amount of fish brought to the market. More men are employed in the trade, and they are better paid; the boats used are larger and better found. It is probably the case that shopkeepers and middlemen have made very large profits by the sudden extension of the trade. In any rapid development in industry a disproportionate share of the profits falls to those who have the disposable capital and the machinery to take advantage of the market. Something of the high prices of fish in London is also due to want of a proper organization for its distribution. This want has already, to a great extent owing to the Exhibition itself, been remedied by the efforts of the Corporation and of private enterprise. The remedy no doubt will be made yet more effectual when once it appears that the demand is sufficiently large and constant to encourage capitalists to venture their money in providing the supply. The surest way to secure the doing of nothing is to waste time descanting on the sins of the middleman and the greed of the shopkeeper. Both, like other men of business, will make all the money they can; and prices can only be kept down by competition and the efforts of rivals to undersell one another. The Exhibition may no doubt be of use by making fish more fashionable, and bringing it home to the Londoner that there are many very eatable kinds with which he has not hitherto been acquainted. Directly, it will have done something to encourage the fishermen themselves, to make known many useful mechanical improvements which would otherwise have remained comparatively obscure for years, to attract attention to the subject of fish culture, and to encourage investigation into the most important question of all, the exhaustion of the fisheries, and the possible effect of legislation on this. These are in themselves achievements of very great importance.

FRENCH COLONIAL DIFFICULTIES.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the French Government has at last decided to compensate Mr. SHAW for his violent and unjust imprisonment. The decision puts a stop to an affair which threatened to develop into a serious quarrel, and is so far satisfactory. A thousand pounds is not a magnificent sum to be given by a great nation to a man whom it has injured and insulted; but Mr. SHAW has promised to be satisfied with whatever is offered him, and,

as he was not in trade at Tamatave, but in receipt of a salary, which was probably paid during his imprisonment on board the *Flore*, he will at least not be a loser. If the English Government were inclined to be punctilious, it might reasonably find fault with the way in which the satisfaction has been given. M. FERRY's Ministry have done as little as possible, have done it as slowly as they could, and with the worst grace. When once they had decided that the conduct of Admiral PIERRE was not to be justified, regard for their own dignity should have induced them to make ample and spontaneous apologies. The fact that the ADMIRAL was in the last stage of a painful disease when he behaved with such insane insolence should have made it easy for his superiors to disavow him without any loss of dignity. M. FERRY and his colleagues have preferred to give Mr. SHAW his compensation underhand and to make their apologies for the insults to Captain JOHNSTONE—if anything deserving the name of apology has been made—as inaudible as possible. Their organs in the press have denied everything as long as they could, and have then taken refuge in silence. This undignified behaviour is dictated by sufficiently intelligible motives. When the letters of Admiral PIERRE were published, no Parisian journalist thought it necessary to make excuses for the writer such as suggested themselves to many in England. The tone of his despatches was not accounted for by the irritation caused by disease. It was considered to be just the tone a French officer should assume towards a foreigner whom he found troublesome. To have to apologize for what was only the right and commendable thing to have done is naturally unpleasant, and M. FERRY has felt the awkwardness of the task. He knows that any kind of satisfaction offered to a foreigner is felt to be ignominious by his own countrymen, and he has not unnaturally tried to eat the leek in the quietest corner he could find. We have every reason to be thankful to M. FERRY personally for doing so much as he has done to the danger of his popularity. It would have been so easy for him to assert the dignity of France by a little safe obstinacy. The settlement of Mr. SHAW's case removes the most probable cause of serious trouble in Madagascar for the moment.

In the more important matter of the dispute with China M. FERRY has gained a decided victory over his opponents at home. It was considered probable that the Chamber would approve of his policy, but it has given him a larger majority than had been thought likely. The debate itself was of no considerable interest. All the factions which composed the Opposition seem to have been conscious of a certain constraint. They talked as if they felt that they were trying to fight against one of the strongest of French sentiments, not because they thought that it ought to be controlled, but because they wished to upset the Ministry. It is impossible to gather from the speeches of M. GRANET or M. CLÉMENTEAU that they see anything wrong in a policy of unprovoked aggression in itself. They are quite as firmly convinced as the members of the Ministry that China is not an enemy to be feared. Consequently they were not able to criticize the policy of MM. FERRY and CHALLEMEL-LACOUR on the ground that it is immoral or dangerous. The utmost they could say was that it is inopportune. The arguments they used were not likely to win much approval even from the most prudent of Frenchmen. They made the most of the expedition to Mexico; and asserted that, but for the EMPEROR's folly in entangling himself in that country, France would have been able to draw the sword immediately after Sadowa. After pointing the moral of the Mexican campaign in this fashion, they went on to insist that every available soldier should be kept within easy reach of the Vosges. This attitude was probably taken up by the Opposition to prove that they are quite as patriotic as the Ministry; but from the moment the issues are defined in this way it becomes obvious that M. FERRY's policy is the more prudent of the two. The worst that can arise out of the Chinese imbroglio can never be so bad as another German invasion of France; and it would be insanity to deny that another invasion becomes at least probable from the moment that the French let their late conquerors understand that another war for Alsace is inevitable. The defence of the Ministry was conducted on the now familiar lines. M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR again asserted that it was a matter of necessity to take possession of the delta of the Song Koi; that the profits to be gained are immense; that only a few troops will be needed to do the work; that China may intrigue, but will not fight; and,

finally, that some Power unnamed is fomenting trouble in an underhand way, and it concerns the dignity of France that this anonymous Power should be checked in an exemplary fashion. A great effect seems to have been produced by a smart manœuvre of a kind not unfamiliar to our Indian and Foreign Secretaries under the present dispensation when debates on Central Asian affairs are inconveniently pressed. M. FERRY gave the Chamber a species of "assurance from the Czar." With all the confidence of a statesman who knows that he is safe from immediate contradiction, and who only cares to produce a temporary effect, he announced that the Marquis TSENG had been disavowed by his Government. The telegram on which he based this assertion contained nothing but a laconic statement from M. TRICOU to the effect that LI HUNG CHANG, the Viceroy of Petcheli, disapproved of the Ambassador's conduct. LI HUNG CHANG is not the Government of China; but it served M. FERRY's turn to promote him to that dignity for the moment. He got his cheers, puzzled M. CLÉMENTEAU, who obviously knew nothing about it, and increased his majority.

The victory of M. FERRY's Ministry can scarcely have the effect of making war less probable. The French Government has now the full right to say that its policy has been approved of by the country, and it will persevere. A moment's consideration of M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR's speeches will show that the French entertain schemes which go far beyond the mere occupation of a part of Tonquin. Immediately after his repeated assertions that China is not being attacked, and that its interests will be respected, he proceeded to confess that the ultimate aim of the French is to open the trade roads to Yunnan. It is notorious that this is exactly what the Chinese Government is determined to prevent. The presence of garrisons of an active foreign State on the border of provinces which have been in a state of rebellion within recent years would be a serious danger to the central Government. The Chinese are justified in believing that Tonquin would only be the beginning of a French colonial Empire to be built up at their expense. If they believe in the reality of that danger, common prudence will induce them to resist at once. Meanwhile, they are likely to be encouraged by knowing that M. FERRY is resolute to keep only a small force in Tonquin. They may fairly conclude that he has come to this decision either because he has not realized the magnitude of the task before him, or because he fears that, if once the war becomes costly, the popular support he has hitherto received will be withdrawn. In either case, they will be encouraged to assume an attitude of opposition which must shortly lead to war.

THE SYRIAN MOUNTAINS.

WITHOUT for a moment wishing to depreciate the delights of Montreux, Murren, Castellamare, Sorrento, Corpo di Gallo, or of any other pet residences, we should like to say a word or two for Syria, which fairly merits a place in the ranks of pleasure resorts. Now, most people who go to Egypt and Syria do so for one of three reasons; either to make money as merchants, to spend a term of official expatriation, or to escape from English winters. Consequently few genuine visitors can say anything about summer in these countries, since they generally leave Egypt in March and Syria before May. The other classes are too busy with their own affairs to trouble the world with their ideas. The Easter pilgrims see the Lebanon either half capped in snow or at best only beginning to clothe itself in green, and, under the personal guidance of Mr. Cook, reserve all their powers of observation and admiration for Baalbec, Damascus, Jerusalem, and Bethlehem. The fancy would never enter their minds to revisit such an uninteresting country in July, when Italy is smiling as of old to welcome them to their usual haunts. Neither could we promise any satisfaction for the exchange, except novelty, but this alone would be sufficient to tempt some whose tastes have a leaning towards the East, and whose pursuits and purses will not allow of an expensive winter tour to fashionable Egypt. Let any one who is tired of the Continental watering-places, and seeks a fine climate and a thorough change of surroundings at a moderate expenditure, make the ten days' journey from London to Lebanon, and he will scarcely regret it.

We will not say much about the hotel life at Aleih, as it has the usual characteristics of such a mode of living, coupled, however, with a great monotony of scenery and a difficulty of locomotion in any direction except along one dusty up-and-down road. Nevertheless, as Aleih possesses the only Lebanon hotel, it is very extensively patronized by grilled Anglo-Egyptians and fever-stricken Cypriotes who have respectively exhausted the attractions of Ramleh and the Troad. Besides these visitors there are many householders who from June to October fly from the perfectly intolerable heat of Beyrout to snatch a little sleep in the cooler

mountain nights. Almost all the foreign consuls, and the richest native families, pass the hot season at Aleih, or in the neighbourhood, and there is always a considerable amount of gaiety of a mild description going on.

Perhaps the course most to be advocated for strangers is a leisured riding tour, which can be managed with a comfort proportionate to expense. For those who have roughed it through a Swiss or Norwegian campaign, and are not afraid of good muscular exercise and plenty of it, there is no valid reason why a walking tour might not be made extremely agreeable. The experiment has already been made with success along some of the most usual routes, and might be repeated anywhere in Syria or Palestine. The greatest difficulty would doubtless be to find a dragoman whose dignity would suffer him to walk, and a compromise would probably have to be effected by which a baggage mule should be provided on which he might ride while the Englishmen walked. This reversal of the order of things would also shock his sensibilities, and it is to be feared that his moral courage would in the end succumb to the frequent necessity of explaining to curious native minds that his employers were not poor, but mad. Even after the dragoman is found, too much authority must not be given to him, and all arrangements should be carefully supervised by the tourist. The provision for the way will be very simple. If a mule is taken, he can carry a tent and bedding, but these are hardly necessary, and an "Ashantee" hammock and railway rug will answer all purposes. On fine nights, in high spots where there is no dread of fever, nothing is pleasanter than to lie under the bright stars; and at other times, when recourse to village hospitality becomes needful, a swinging bed, isolated from surrounding contact, will be found to possess very appreciable advantages. There is that, or rather those, about Syrian mattresses which will generally murder sleep. For drinking, a little wine or spirit may be carried, but the taste soon accustoms itself to the clear fresh water. The country people's fare will always be good enough for a hungry man, and appetite is not often wanting at several thousand feet above sea-level. Although meat is not procurable every day, kids are to be had in most of the villages, and the fresh baked bread with clotted cream and scented honey will be hard to find fault with. Rice is ever ready, and, as all Syrian mountaineers seem to be born cooks, after their fashion, there will seldom be need to complain. But then the traveller's fashions must be modified to agree with those of his hosts. He will learn to dispense elegantly with a knife and fork, and acquire the art of pouring a quart of water down his throat without touching the jug with his lips or taking his breath. He will also need a great elasticity of the knee-joints to sustain him through a universal lack of chairs, and will otherwise have to fall in with the customs of the mountain if he wishes really to enjoy himself and to learn something of the actualities of the life of those around him. The riding traveller will not excite so much interest as the walker, and will be looked upon with suspicion as a straggler from the annual spring invasion. The usual tent and cook will naturally render him independent of all personal intercourse with his surroundings, except such as his own sympathies may prompt him to seek. A great deal, again, depends upon the dragoman, and for excursions of the kind some of the more modest English-speaking natives, who would scarcely lay claim to dragomanic honours, will be found the better guides. These are difficult to hunt out, however, being invariably regarded with the same jealousy by the elect of the guild as are the donkey-boys of Cairo. The ordinary dragoman is averse to seeing "my gentleman" in friendly relations with any one but himself, and probably he has cogent reasons for wishing that his charge should continue long to enjoy the bliss of ignorance. The usual terms in the winter season for two persons are from three pounds upwards per diem with cook and tents. About a sovereign of this goes for necessary expenditure, about ten shillings for useless display, and the other thirty shillings is clear profit. Four or five francs a day, exclusive of horse hire, will keep a single man, who should know enough Arabic at first—and a very little will suffice—to ask his way, his food and shelter. He will be surprised to find how soon the enforced practice will give him fluency of tongue, and the trip will become daily more interesting.

A month or so spent in the North Lebanon would never be thrown away. The scenery is very wild, and, at times, of striking beauty. The country also teems with remains of the highest archaeological interest, which have been but meagrely examined as yet. Amongst other enigmas, still we believe unsolved, the traveller will be able to exercise his ingenuity on the extraordinary rock inscriptions of the formula *ARBORUM QUATUOR GENERA CETERA PRIVATA*, which occurs more than one hundred times. There are many others in the Kesrouan still unpublished which seem to have escaped explorers in an inexplicable manner. From Afka to Byblos, along the course of the Nahr Ibrahim, or River of Adonis, the country still contains many relics of the cult of the Favourite of Venus, and those at Afka and El Ghineh are comparatively little known. At the former place we have the ruins of what must once have been a splendid temple to Aphrodite, destroyed by the Christian emperors for the debaucheries which disgraced it. A considerable portion is still standing in perfect preservation, and if the fallen roof were cleared away a beautiful monument of the past might still be left to us. The site is most picturesque, with cypress-trees amongst the dismantled columns, spreading walnuts at the porches, and the noisy river sixty feet below. The stream burs out of the grotto of Afka, over

against the temple, in seven cascades in winter, and with diminished volume in summer. It is said to run red with the blood of Tammûz, which flows afresh every year in the autumn, but in reality the water being chalybeate colours the stones of the bed all the year round, while the first rains, bringing down the red earth, may give a deeper tint to it at that season. The grotto from which it springs is another natural phenomenon worthy of investigation, ignored by all writers we can remember, and up to the present day not properly explored. It consists of many low passages widening here and there into spacious caves roofed with stalactites and strewed with fossil remains and daily growing stalagmites. The villagers profess a belief that deep in the heart of the mountain there were once bazaars, but, considering that in winter all entrance or egress is stopped by the torrents, the legend is incredible. At any rate, an hour's torchlight advance through the cavernous windings will fail alike to discover either bazaar or end to the grotto. Afka is only one of many spots where a day or two might be profitably and delightfully spent. We have already mentioned El Ghineh, which possesses extensive and hardly recognized antique remains, and Meirûba may be added for natural beauty. The Lake of Limooni is also a curious feature in Syrian topography, but the night should never be passed near its fever-dealing swamps. A terebinth forest on the opposite slope of Lebanon will make a more fragrant and safer camping-ground. Another fine country is that round Beiteddin, Djezzîn, and Moukhtara. A third pleasant trip would be from Sidon to Tyre, thence to Nabatiyeh, and up the green valley of the river Litani to the Hooleh plain. From this we might pass to Hasbeya and the sources of the Jordan, to make the ascent of Mount Hermon. It is only necessary to name the more familiar excursions to the Cedars and to Baalbec ruins—both of them ideal camping-grounds. In fact, throughout the Lebanon we cannot go far wrong. The air is always rich and sweet, the surroundings unique, and the experiences novel and changing; one night the hammock may be swung in a wild neighbourhood, where a fire must be lighted for company's sake, and where the bark of the jackals makes eerie discord in the darkness. On the morrow we may be amongst a Bedouin colony, in their queer black tents, swarthy handsome men, and laughing blue-chinned women, who scruple not to ask for a cigarette in return for a cup of coffee. The next day, perhaps, we enjoy the hospitality of the head of some village, in comparative comfort and positive constraint; the fourth we are at a convent, drinking a bottle of the strong wine ten years in the cellars; and the fifth at a missionary's school. And so the kaleidoscope continues to change. But every one cannot stand such an undeniably rough-and-ready existence; and for ladies and families there may always be a quiet month or two to be passed in some of the small hamlets near Beyrout, not without their charm. The house will not be magnificent, and a certain fund of resource in oneself, and of the real philosophy, will be necessary to enjoy a Lebanon village. With these, a short stay may be made to bring forth many things which will be agreeable memories. There is an absolute freedom from all the usual worries and excitements; we are far away from the *Weltschmerz*; and the most active element in our daily life will be the steady waging of a quiet war with most of our surroundings. Let us be thoroughly understood that, when we say a quiet war, we mean a war which, while never serious enough to disturb us generally, affords just enough to think about, and which can be taken up and laid down like play with a kitten. Our chief adversary will be the cook, who steadfastly resists baking fresh bread, invariably affirms that there are no figs or grapes to be had, and persists in buying ancient hens and watering the goat's milk. His kitchen is always a fair *casus belli*; so that, when we feel too lethargic, we can at any time, by a casual visit, work ourselves up to a fine fury. Next to him will come the gardener, so styled, who never waters more than half the flowers, and always pulls up our favourite seedlings as soon as they promise well, pretending they are scratched up by our dog, which he shoots in the night by mistake for a jackal. He is an insignificant and poor foeman as compared to the cook, but will often afford gentle relaxation when an encounter with the great enemy would overtax afternoon energy. The fowls of the air, in the shape of aggressive sparrows, are also not to be despised as healthy irritants. In England we suppose that sparrows twittering under the eaves and elsewhere make a pleasant music. No one supposes this however in the East, and when they begin at three in the morning the reasons are evident, for the voices of Syrian sparrows are not of that kind which is excellent in a woman, and would be equally so in them. After birds comes the lesser creation, winged and otherwise, of which, perhaps, the less said the better. In compensation for these evils we have a glorious sky, a wonderful chance of learning the *dolce far niente*, and a good deal of amusement from a psychological study of our servants and neighbours.

RABELAIS AND HIS CRITICS.

Then I went indoors, brought out a loaf,
Half a cheese and a bottle of Chablis,
Lay on the grass and forgot the oaf
Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais.

SO says Mr. Browning, who, apparently, is one of Rabelais's lenient critics. "The great jester of France," as Bacon calls him, has at all times had critics much less friendly than Mr. Browning. Recently we had to defend Rabelais against the theory

of *Punch*, that the Curé was "a dirty old blackguard," only that, and nothing more. Now Mr. F. C. Burnand appears among the critics, and, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, unburdens his mind on the topics of Panurge and Pantagruel. Mr. Burnand's criticism seems to have two objects. He wishes to show that an expurgated Rabelais is not a very desirable or desired publication, and he wishes, in a general way, to say his say about Victor Hugo's *Homère Buffon*.

As to an expurgated Rabelais in English, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Burnand. Selections from Rabelais, including his famous chapters on Theleme, on Education, and on Pantagruel's comments on "the deaths of Heroes," would make an agreeable and useful little book. We might have the eighth of Rabelais, to which Voltaire would have reduced him, though he afterwards changed his mind on this matter. A Bowdlerized Rabelais is another thing, and we cannot imagine to whom the work would appeal. Such an edition was published without success in France during the eighteenth century.

In his general criticism of Rabelais, Mr. Burnand takes the side of "a conscientious but reluctant writer," Mr. William Maccall, with whose productions we are not acquainted. He has also with him, it is fair to say, La Bruyère and Lamartine. As to Rabelais's private life, Mr. Burnand says "no charge of personal immorality was ever brought against him, and the usual test of *cherchez la femme* was in his case inapplicable." Mr. Burnand's knowledge of Rabelais's biography seems not to be exhaustive. As the author of Pantagruel had a son who died in childhood, there is plenty of room for the search which, according to Mr. Burnand, is superfluous. But, however biographers may search, their investigations are vain. We only know that in the library of Toulouse there is a book of verse in manuscript which contains two elegies on the death of Théodoule, Rabelais's boy:—

Lugdunum patria et pater est Rabelaeus; utrumque
Qui nescit, nescit maxima in orbe duo.

Mr. Burnand might have learned this much without even turning to Fleury by examining the *Rabelais* of Mr. Besant in the *Foreign Classics for English Readers*. As to the close of Rabelais's life, Mr. Burnand says "he ended as a simple curé, doing good to bodies by his knowledge of medicine, helping the poor by his alms . . . and, we may hope, benefiting the souls of his parishioners who were unable to read their worthy pastor's books." Mr. Burnand not only accepts the apocryphal story about Rabelais's dying "in domino," but says that his "*Beati qui moriuntur in Domino*" "is one of his best, one of his most harmless and most playful jests; it was a specimen of what all might have been." If all had been bad puns, critics would not now be troubling themselves about Rabelais. But the *historiettes* concerning the death-bed of Rabelais are (like many other anecdotes about him) of no later authority than the middle of the seventeenth century, and are given up even by M. Paul Lacroix. There remains, it is true, a contemporary epigram, in which Tahureau says:—

De ceux même en mourant se moquoit
Qui de sa mort prenoient quelque souci.

So much for Rabelais's private character. We are not afraid to speak the truth about it; for the truth must never be concealed. As to Rabelais's qualities as a writer, Mr. Burnand sums them up thus. "That he was really witty, a man of rare talents, of the keenest observation, a caustic satirist carried away by his rollicking humour and love of extravagant fun, which no reverence for God or man could restrain, and that he was an inveterate punster, is as true as that he was blasphemous, foul-mouthed, scurrilous, and so licentious in his writings, beyond the license even of that corrupt time, as to deserve the epithet 'infâme' bestowed upon him by St. François de Sales." The name of "l'infâme" has been a good deal tossed about in controversy. Rabelais is coarse, but he never could be called seductive. It is curious to compare the different opinions as to his writings which various critics have put forth, and to see who are for Rabelais and who are for Mr. Burnand.

Setting aside that reluctant writer Mr. William Maccall, and another ally, Mr. Dixon, we find that Mr. Burnand has the Sorbonne of his party. In 1533 Pantagruel was censured by the Sorbonne, with some other books, "*Obscenos illos Pantagruelium, Sylvam amorum, et ejus (dem?) monete.*" So we learn from a letter of Calvin's. The burner of Servetus reproaches Rabelais for not adhering to Reformed doctrines. "He deserves to be struck blind for his sacrilegious blasphemies," says meek Calvin. Gabriel de Puits Herbault, a monk, says, on the other hand, that Rabelais ought to be with the Protestant refugees at Geneva, "whereas we see him going to Rome in the company of Cardinals, and dining with the Pope himself." If Rabelais had been weak enough to go to Geneva, Calvin would have put his eyes out with pious zeal or burned him. Contemporary writers, and writers rather later, who praise Rabelais "do not seem," says M. Fleury, "to have seen in his book what we see in it to-day." Mr. Burnand, on the other side, says that Rabelais's purpose is "far from being deep," or concealed with subtlety, but that it lies "palpably on the surface." Now if Rabelais's dirt was not meant to hide and protect his real purpose, the only excuse ever made for his chief fault proves worthless. But if his contemporaries "failed to see what we see in his work," then his disguise was successful, and the excuse is not without value. Montaigne certainly puts Rabelais among books of simple recreation. "Entre les livres simplement plaisans je trouve des modernes, le *Décameron* de Boccace, Rabelays, et les *Baisers*

de Jean second (s'il les faut loger sous ce titre) dignes qu'on s'y amuse." Estienne Pasquier had a much higher opinion of Rabelais:—"Je ne le lus oncques que je n'y trouvasse matière de rire, et d'en faire mon profit tout ensemble." The great Condé, on the other hand, must be reckoned as a partisan of Mr. Burnand's. St.-Evremond used to read to Condé when recovering from an illness, and tried him with Rabelais, but the Prince did not care for the author. It is added that "tous les hommes d'esprit ne goûtent pas l'ouvrage." But Mme. de Sévigné used to have chapters of Rabelais (carefully chosen, let us hope) read aloud to her by her son, and found them "chapitres à mourir de rire." La Fontaine, Racine, and Molière were great readers of Rabelais; their works betray it. La Bruyère, coming later into a stiffer age, says that Rabelais is "inexcusable" and "incomprehensible." His book is "an enigma without an answer." "C'est un monstrueux assemblage d'une morale fine et ingénieuse, et d'une sale corruption." Bayle, who was far from prudish, has no article on Rabelais in his Dictionary, and says of his work, "C'est un livre qui ne me plaît guère," while he admits that many good judges knew *les bons endroits* by heart. As to Voltaire, he began by detesting and ended (doubtless as his character was mined by his wicked scepticism) in admiring Rabelais. In the *Lettres philosophiques* Rabelais's book is "extravagant," "impertinent," unintelligible. "One is sorry to see a man with so much wit use it so wretchedly." The Duc d'Orléans, after a ball at the Opera House, converted Voltaire (as he tells Mme. de Deffand) to a better opinion of Rabelais. Voltaire at first thought the Duc d'Orléans "un prince de mauvaise compagnie," and of corrupted taste. But, on reading Pantagruel again, Voltaire changed his opinion:—"Comme j'ai plus approfondi les choses dont Rabelais se moque, j'avoue qu'aux bassesses près, dont il est trop rempli, une bonne partie de son livre m'a fait un plaisir extrême." As he grew older, Voltaire grew more enthusiastic still, and actually recanted his old blame:—"Je me repens d'avoir dit autrefois trop de mal de lui." In a dialogue, *Lucien, Erasme, et Rabelais*, Voltaire made Rabelais defend himself with the usual apology:—"Voyant que la sagesse et la science ne menaient communément qu'à l'hôpital, ou au gibet . . . je m'avais d'être plus fou que tous mes contemporains ensemble . . . avec ce secret tout me fut permis."

But now we come to Mr. Burnand's great ally, to Lamartine. "Of Rabelais we do not speak, the filthy genius of cynicism, the opprobrium of heart and ear and sense and taste, the poisonous and fetid fungus" (why this beats the "dirty old blackguard" in a common canter), "the offspring of the dung-heap of the mediæval cloister, the grunting pig of Gaul. Not the *porcus de grege Epicuri* is Rabelais, but the pig of unfrocked monks, rolling with glee in his dirty sty, sousing himself in the black mud till it splashes with the wine lees over the face, and the manners and the language of his age." And so forth. Lamartine was a very moral man, though perhaps rather a failure, but he read little except his own poems, and possibly he never read Rabelais at all. It would be interesting to know what William Wordsworth thought of Rabelais, but on this point we can give no information. What Coleridge thought we do know; he did not think with Mr. William Maccall. "I could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais which would make the Church stare and the conventicle groan, and yet would be truth and nothing but the truth." Victor Hugo (very absurdly) places Rabelais above Aristophanes, being moved thereto by the Philistine and ignorant attack on Socrates in the *Clouds*. But not Rabelais, not all the genius of all France in all ages, could have written the choruses in that very play, lyrics which place Aristophanes (as Thackeray knew and made Penderennis say) among "the greatest poets of them all." Michelet, though too sonorous, spoke truth about Rabelais. Ariosto and Cervantes, he says, laugh over a grave, the grave of their country; Rabelais looks to the dawn and the sun, he is full of an infinite hope, he voyages in unknown seas to the promised land of the Renaissance and of humanity.

The Dive Bouteille which Pantagruel sought had this virtue, that to each drinker its waters seemed the wine which each desired. And so it is with Rabelais. In the fountain of his wisdom and wit we each find what we have the power of finding; there is poetry for one, philosophy for another, humour for a third, learning, prophecy, style, for others. And some there are who can draw nothing but mud and dirt and wine on the lees from the fountain, and therefore think themselves moralists. Nevertheless, *Sursum corda!*

THE BENGAL RENT BILL.

THE excitement caused by the Ilbert Bill and, in a much less degree, by Lord Ripon's premature attempt to sow vestries and municipalities broadcast over India, has diverted public attention from a much more important enactment, by which it is proposed to amend and consolidate the Rent Law for the whole Province of Bengal. At other times an Anglo-Indian might despair of interesting any but an infinitesimal portion of the British public in the theory and practice of Oriental revenue and rent. But the Irish Land Act, the woes of Crofters, the alleged depopulation of the Scottish Highlands, and the merits or demerits of small farms and peasant proprietorship, have made readers familiar with several other forms of ownership besides fee-simple. The terms Ulster-right, rundale, and conacre are no longer confined to Irish speakers. And though such phrases are

more easily explained than the sub-infeudations of a Bengal Zemindary, or the *thokas* and *puttis* of a *Bhuyachara* tenure in the North-West Provinces of India, it is quite possible for an average reader to gain some idea of the struggle which has been going on for the last ten years in Bengal and Behar between the partisans of huge landholders and the advocates of impoverished tenants. Neither the *victrix* nor the *victa causa* has ever in India wanted spokesmen and writers. The Zemindars of Bengal have made abundant use of the platform, the press, and the Law Courts to maintain their undoubted privileges and to assert and establish their full legal rights. They have availed themselves of that well-known prestige inseparable in every country in the world from the collection of rents over large areas, which in Bengal, for a want of a more precise term, it is usual to designate as "estates." When tribunals were tardy and insufficient and laws failed, Zemindars had no hesitation in resorting to moral compulsion and physical force. If, owing to improvidence, to the division of land under the Hindu law of inheritance, to the compulsory law of sale for arrears of the public revenue, to gambling, litigation, or any other cause, there was a severance between old families and old acres, plenty of parvenus and unscrupulous agents were soon found to usurp the place of their masters. If here and there a Raja lived to see his fort in ruins, his fine Zemindary dwindle to a few miserable villages, or a whole Pergunnah heavily mortgaged for a marriage or a lawsuit, some *Naib* or *Dewan* or successful *Vakil* or merchant soon stepped in and bought up the property. In short, while individuals disappeared and estates changed hands, the Zemindars, as a body, multiplied and increased. There are still men, in the year 1883, with as splendid a rent-roll, as wide an influence, and as powerful a position as when Shore could write that a large portion of the revenues of Bengal was paid in by only seven Zemindars; and, whether the Government of Lord Cornwallis committed a crime or a blunder, or whether a Bengal Ryot be as wretched an object as a Connemara peasant or a Crofter in the Lews or not, the numerous landholders of Bengal and Behar are by general consent in the enjoyment of almost everything which the most beneficent or the most mistaken of administrations could have intended to confer on them by the famous Settlement of 1793.

On the other hand, the Ryot has never wanted statesmen and administrators to watch over his interests. Lord Cornwallis himself clearly reserved to Government the right to enact any Regulations—in other words, any laws—which might be thought necessary "for the protection and welfare of the dependent Talukdars, Ryots, and other cultivators." And, after the lapse of nearly sixty years, Lord Canning, in spite of the Mutiny and its engrossing anxieties, succeeded, by the help of eminent Bengal civil servants and skilled English lawyers, in redeeming the pledges given by his predecessor and in passing what is known as the Charter of the Ryots, the celebrated statute Act X. of 1859. Like many other beneficent laws in India, it has done a great deal of good, but it has not been a complete success. Or rather, we should say, while it has awakened the tenant to a sense of his legal position and rights, it has also enabled the Zemindar to evade some of the clauses, to defy others, and to wrest the remaining portion from their obvious intention to his own special benefit and use. How this has taken place, in spite of simplified procedure, of additional tribunals, of collectors tested by severe examinations in languages, statute and common law, and of magistrates fully determined not to let the Zemindar and his agents have it all their own way, would be too long a story to tell here. But it is quite certain that the last ten years have witnessed one unceasing struggle between landlord and tenant in Behar, in Eastern Bengal, and in Pubna and the adjacent districts, which has caused grave anxiety to successive Viceroys and Lieutenant-Governors, which has resulted in the appointment of a Rent Commission and the production of two Blue-books, and which has produced a draft Act of sixteen chapters and more than one hundred and thirty sections in extent.

These voluminous and exhaustive papers incontestably show that a revision of the Rent Act in a sense more or less favourable to the Ryot and cultivator has become one of the first duties of the Indian Government. We may be tolerably sure that a reform foreshadowed by the Government of Lord Northbrook, contemplated under Lord Lytton, concurred in by able administrators of such different types of character and experience as Sir G. Campbell, Sir R. Temple, and Sir Ashley Eden, can need no laboured apology or defence. But this conviction throws a fiercer light over two other measures originating with the present Viceroy, first in dividing the Anglo-Indian community by such an unnecessary measure as the Ilbert Bill, and next in discrediting the district officers by depriving them of one-half of their proper work and more than one-half of their legitimate influence, through the creation or development of vestries or local boards. With the prospect of a severe fight on behalf of the oppressed tenant against the powerful and unscrupulous landlord, no prudent statesman would have convulsed the whole of India by staking our national good faith on the necessity of vesting some half-dozen natives with the powers of sentencing and imprisoning a few British subjects. And when we are told on the authority of a Rent Commission of men of large experience, integrity, and ability, that the Government is bound to protect the millions of cultivators against "arbitrary evictions and unwarrantable exactions," we may well wonder how a community mainly composed of these two antagonistic classes, with a few traders, artisans, and

talkative pleaders thrown in, can be thought fitted for efficiently discharging, unpaid and uncontrolled, municipal and local duties which go to the very foundation of our power, and which are no inconsiderable justification of our presence in India at all.

The above remarks are suggested, not altogether by the voluminous speeches and papers connected with the Bengal Rent Bill, but by a production entitled *The Indian Ryot, Land Tax, Permanent Settlement, and the Famine*, which purports to be the compilation of a certain Abhay Charan Dass, styling himself a Ryot. As, however, the title Dass proves that he belongs to the second branch of the well-known Kayast or writer caste, which branch again is divided into eight *gentes* or clans, and as the work shows him to have attained considerable fluency in writing English, we may safely presume that the author has never handled a plough nor driven a pair of bullocks in his life, and that he does not actually belong to the class of cultivators. No doubt he may own a few acres of homestead and rice-land, he is probably familiar with the terms of a *potta* and with the dates on which rent must be paid, and he has been occasionally dunned to contribute to the necessities of his landlord and to the perquisites of his landlord's agent. It is also creditable to him that his knowledge and abilities, such as they are, should be enlisted on the side of the weaker party. But the whole compilation is ill arranged, unmethodical, and ill digested. He has forgotten that the district of Sylhet has been transferred from the Dacca Commissionership to the Province of Assam; and though there is something like a table of contents, the division of the subjects is arbitrary and irregular; in treatment he pays no regard to sequence; and the numerous authorities enlisted in support of his argument are jumbled together with a total defiance of chronological order or rank. They resemble the description given by Sir Lucius of Mrs. Malaprop's epithets. None of them refuse to come at command, although you might think they were quite out of hearing. Nor is it easy to discover whether the author ever speaks for himself, or whether the whole six hundred pages are sheer compilation. His witnesses are summoned very much on the principle recently adopted by Mr. Seymour Kear. What was said by some official witness in 1790, or 1812, or 1830, is quoted without reference to subsequent changes and improvements, in support of a measure advocated by the ultra-Liberal of to-day, who thinks nothing gained till nought remains, and who is ready to disavow a solemn pledge, to wipe out the whole law of contract, and to legalize confiscation in the highest interests of morality and justice. Then, too, the picture is entirely of one colour. The Zemindar of the writer, with a very few exceptions, is a photograph of indolence, rapacity, and selfishness. The Ryot is so miserable and down-trodden that it would seem a miracle how villages exist, fields are tilled, and markets are supplied with produce. A good deal of this may be set down to the inveterate exaggeration of an Oriental writer who has tasted the pleasure of rolling out big epithets and repeating the phrase of "millions on millions living, and millions on millions unborn." Just as the cook in David Copperfield's household could never send up anything to table between raw meat or cinders, so a native can only describe two kinds of administrations. In the one, the cultivator takes refuge in the jungle, and finds the tiger more merciful than the myrmidons of the Zemindar. In the other, robbery, oppression, and violence are all put down, travellers no longer go through the bypaths, but walk along the high roads chucking up their purses full of money, in the sight of everybody, and the goat and the tiger come to drink water at the same tank. Baboo Abhay Charan Dass, after drawing a picture of misery such as might seem beyond the power of human nature to endure, can think of no other remedy than the abolition of the Perpetual Settlement. This sort of wild proposal is another death-blow to the hopes of those English journalists who are often asserting that, if we could only persuade a native to open his mouth, without prompting, fear of consequences, or desire to please or humour his English questioner, we should then get an opinion worth that of all Secretaries, Magistrates, and Commissioners put together. Of course this sort of silly suggestion is a mere echo of the English cry for the nationalization of the land, and is not worth serious criticism. Then this worthy gentleman, though writing mainly for his countrymen and residents in India, has caught the trick of substituting English money instead of rupees and annas. What is the use of telling Bengalis that homestead or rice-land, or gardens in Hooghly or Howrah, pay so many English £ s. d. per acre, when our coinage is not yet current in any part of India, and the Bengal *beegah* is about one-third of our acre? Nor are the other suggestions at all valuable, or indicative of any true perception "of cause and effect" or of the right remedy for the disease. At page 278 the author blames the Zemindars for forcing Ryots by thousands to leave their homes and seek service in Calcutta and elsewhere, thus wasting their energies in getting good salaries, instead of remaining at home and helping their sharers to cultivate the land. We must remind the writer that one really good effect of the Zemindary system, and of the Hindu system of joint inheritance and partnership in house, food, and land, is that it often sets one brother or cousin free to adopt other professions and to make a livelihood and independence in a dozen different ways. But this gentleman would tie the whole Hindu family down to the land and force them all to live by it alone. Another proposal, at page 658, is that a settlement should be made with the cultivators direct, and the revenue be eventually doubled. Of the increase from three millions sterling, as at present, to six millions, one-half is to be divided amongst the dispossessed Zemindars; but how the miserable Ryot is to

be pecuniarily better off by this strange proceeding is not attempted to be shown. Nor is it easy to see how the Land Revenue of other provinces could be "reduced" by merely cutting down the expenditure of vague public departments. In truth, whether the author speaks for himself or endorses scraps of journalism torn from their context and written probably with very different objects, the proposals are either childish or impracticable. Our excuse for noticing a work which will fall into the hands of a very few persons in England is that another fierce contest is impending on a very big question, which will tax to the utmost the firmness and skill of our Indian administrators. Nor must it be imagined that the Zemindar has no case at all. Politically, there may be a good deal to be said for the necessity of his existence under the guarantee and good faith of the Perpetual Settlement, for his generosity in times of scarcity, and for his tacit acquiescence in our rule, if not his active loyalty, in times of disaffection and unrest. But that he has abused his privileges, neglected his duty, harassed his Ryots, strained to the utmost some laws made for his benefit, and wrested others in a sense quite contrary to the intention of their authors, there can be no sort of doubt. And this has led to a state of things which justifies the interference of Lord Ripon and his advisers, who would have escaped much just animadversion *si sic omnia dirissent*.

DRAMATIC COLLABORATION.

THAT there has been a very remarkable improvement in the condition of the English drama is a proposition that few would care to dispute. Plays are better mounted than they were twenty or even ten years ago. There is better acting now than there was then—or at least there is more good acting. Above all, there are more good plays. The British drama is no longer written by Frenchmen; and no longer are plays presented as New and Original which are "not adapted—only taken from the French." Of course the best dramas of the best French dramatists continue to be produced in England, but this is as it should be, since they are now presented avowedly as translations or adaptations. The comedies of M. Victorien Sardou, and the dramas of M. Adolphe Dennery, the cleverest of all their clever tribe, are now represented before English audiences as the work of M. Sardou or of M. Dennery. The English playwright is getting to be ashamed of hiding French plate in his pockets, and most of his spoons are now hall-marked. In fact, it seems as though the English dramatist, instead of stealing the Frenchman's plays ready-made, has rather awakened to the greater advantage of borrowing the Frenchman's tools and of using them to make his own. The recent raising of the general level of the contemporary British drama is due to the adoption of French methods and customs. One of the chief of the customs, and one which has been a potent element in the attainment of the extraordinary technical excellence of French play-making, is the habit of collaboration. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that a French play has two authors more often than it has one; and pieces declaring on their title-pages a triple paternity are not at all uncommon. Now and again a little vaudeville makes its appearance on a minor stage owing its being to the collective efforts of four enterprising playwrights labouring in unison, just like Chamfort's four Germans clubbing together to understand a French joke. Excess is always undesirable, and we can find no words of praise for the *revue* written a score or so of years ago by no less than thirty-seven authors, working in a joint-stock company to float a benefit performance, and contributing each, as his full-paid share, a scene, a song, or even a single jest.

The habit of dramatic collaboration is gaining ground in England every year. Even yet we have here and now no play-making partnerships as permanent as that of Beaumont and Fletcher, or of MM. Ereckmann-Chatelain. The two other pairs of names which occur to us at once are those of Messrs. Besant and Rice and of MM. Meilhac and Halévy; but both of these conjunctions have been dissolved, the former by death and the latter by dissension. Time was when the co-operation of Planché and Dance and the association of Mr. Charles Reade with the late Tom Taylor—to which we owe the vigorous and brilliant comedy of *Masks and Faces*—were sufficiently unusual to excite remark. Even the later collaboration of Mr. Charles Reade with Mr. Dion Boucicault in the writing of *Foul Play*, of which there were rival dramatizations, was noted with surprise. But now there are at least four plays being performed simultaneously in London and due to a partnership. Mr. Sims and Mr. Pettitt at the Adelphi, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Harris at Drury Lane, Mr. Herman and Mr. Jones at the Princess's, and Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Gillette at the St. James's afford examples of the frequency of collaboration. Mr. Herman Merivale collaborated with Mr. Grove in writing that witty and symmetrical comedy, *Forget Me Not*. Mr. Pettitt, if we remember aright, has had a very wide variety of experience, since he has worked in double harness with Mr. Conquest, with Mr. Harris, with Mr. Meritt, with Mr. Sims, and with Mr. Charles Reade. Mr. Wills has collaborated with, to take one instance, Mr. Herman, who in his turn has written *The Silver King* with Mr. Jones. Mr. Conquest has joined unto himself at one time Mr. Pettitt, and at another Mr. Meritt. And Mr. Augustus Harris has written with Mr. Pettitt, with Mr. Meritt, with Mr. Rowe, with Mr. Buchanan, and even with the author of a poor and unprotected little farce adapted from some French vaudeville. Perhaps, however, these last instances are more useful as warnings

than as examples; and it may be well to recall the rule of the French Dramatic Authors' Society strictly forbidding the production by any manager of a play of which he is the author either alone or in collaboration. So stern are the decrees of this autocratic association that no play written by any one attached in any way to a theatre can be produced at that theatre. When Offenbach was manager of the Gaieté, it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained permission to revive certain of his own operas.

The great advantage of dramatic collaboration is its tendency to spread abroad the knowledge of the principles of dramatic construction. As a recent writer on the French drama has put it, "partnership makes it easier to learn the difficult trade of play-making. The beginner full of ideas serves his apprenticeship with the veteran full of experience; and the association is for mutual profit." As Schlegel declared that he suspected the Spanish origin of any play notable for ingenious intrigue and happy variety, so we might once suspect the French origin of any play logically and compactly constructed. The fact is the Frenchman understands the very difficult and very little understood art of playmaking, and he is able to impart his knowledge to the partner with whom he may chance to write. Thus, as we have said already, the knowledge of the technics of dramatic construction being more widely spread, a greater opportunity is offered for the constant improvement of the art of making plays which, as M. Taine has told us, is as capable of improvement as the art of making watches. Scribe, who did more to perfect the mechanism of playmaking than any man of his time, was for ever collaborating; he was reproached unjustifiably—for most of his best plays were written alone—with an inability to stand without help, and when he was received into the French Academy a malicious wit suggested, as he took his seat, that the thirty-nine other chairs ought to be given up to his collaborators. But Scribe was proud of his partnerships, and he dedicated the collected edition of his plays to his collaborators.

It is not every pair who will make a couple. The horse and the ass may not be yoked together. There must either be a similarity of taste and of talent as there was when M. Augier and M. Sandeau wrote the *Gendre de M. Poirier*, perhaps the best comedy of this century, or there must be a sharp contrast of character, each author's strength supplementing the other's weakness, as we see in the *Bataille de Dames* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur* of Scribe and M. Legouvé, the exceedingly adroit planning of which we may ascribe to Scribe, while the more richly complex and rounded characters are probably due to M. Legouvé. In like manner we can conjecture that *Masks and Faces* owes its vigour to Mr. Charles Reade, and its theatrical effectiveness in great measure to Tom Taylor. So it was that M. Sandeau's gentleness tempered the severer talent of M. Augier, and the *Gendre de M. Poirier* is a more even and equitable play than the *Mariage d'Olympe* or the other dramas which M. Augier wrote in collaboration with M. Fournier, who added his own violence, and in no wise restrained that of his partner. The result of the collaboration of M. Augier and M. Fournier is to suggest that probably the more profitable partnership is that of opposing forces, in which each man does his best, and cuts out the other's worst. Obviously enough the least profitable partnership is the union of two inexperience. We recall with sadness a performance once seen in New York of a play called *À la Sin*, written by Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. "Mark Twain." This, of a truth, was the blind leading the blind, and it was no wonder that they both fell into the ditch, taking the play with them. *À la Sin* was twice as poor a play as *The Two Men of Sandy Bar* of Mr. Bret Harte, or as *The Gilder Age* of Mr. "Mark Twain." In conjunction with a practical playwright the author of *Tom Sawyer* ought to be able to write a good rattling drama of Mississippi life and adventure. And we should very much like to see the play of Californian peculiarities and experiences which Mr. Bret Harte began to write ten or a dozen years ago in collaboration with Mr. Dion Boucicault, a dramatist who has all the tricks of his trade at the end of his fingers, although he somehow seems to have well nigh exhausted his material.

The best known and longest established form of collaboration is the dramatization of a novel. When a dramatist borrows a plot from a novelist, the result is plainly enough a collaboration, even if the original author had no part and lot in the mangling of his offspring to suit the procrustean exactions of the theatre. In Great Britain, by a peculiarity of the law, the novelist is at the mercy of the dramatist, who may impose a forced collaboration at his own sweet will. Every one recalls how sharply and how strongly Dickens protested against the hasty paste-and-scissors dramatizations of his unfinished serial stories. Mr. Anthony Trollope while away in Australia learnt for the first time that Mr. Charles Reade had based a play called *Shilly-Shally* on one of his novels—*Ralph the Heir*, if we mistake not. And Mr. Charles Reade was himself only able to prevent a dramatic perversion of his powerful novel, *It's Never Too Late to Mend*, by proving that his story was founded on his previously acted play, *Gold*, and that the piratical perversion was therefore an unwitting infringement of the copyright of the earlier drama. In France and in the United States legislation has been more equitable, and the novelist is able to reserve the right to dramatize his story. In France M. Zola has probably made as much out of the play prepared by M. Busnach from *L'Assommoir* as he made out of the novel itself, unprecedented as was its sale. In America Mr. "Mark Twain," having reserved his right to dramatize, has reaped an abundant reward from the

frequent performances by Mr. John T. Raymond of a nondescript drama compounded from *The Gilded Age*, and probably the poorest apology for a play ever presented before an intelligent audience. Had it been written in collaboration with an expert dramatist, the undeniable and captivating humour of the character of Colonel Mulberry Sellers would have been exhibited in a vehicle at once more coherent and more effective.

No task is as delicate or as thankless as the dramatizing of a novel, even with the benefit of the original author's aid and good will. And the more popular the novel and the greater its success has been the more difficult is the work of the adapter. To make a good play out of a novel the dramatist must take only the central situations and the chief characters; and these he must mould anew, presenting them dramatically as the novelist has presented them in narrative. But the better known the story is the greater is the pressure on the dramatist to spoil the play by an effort to put more of the novel into it than the play will hold. This is perhaps the reason why the best dramatizations of novels are those which—to be Hibernian—were written before the novels, as *Masks and Faces* preceded *Peg Woffington*, and as M. Georges Ohnet wrote *Serge Panine* as a play before he wrote it as a novel. In France most novelists are dramatists also; yet they are prompt to avail themselves of expert assistance. M. Sandeau's admirable comedy *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*, which is based on a novel, bears his name alone; but it was written in conjunction with M. Regnier, who acted a chief character when it was produced by the Comédie Française. So, also, M. Jules Claretie, in dramatizing *Monsieur le Ministre*, had the aid and advice of M. Alexandre Dumas fils. The mention of M. Dumas reminds us that, although he has collaborated often, notably in the *Danicheff* and in the *Supplice d'un Femme*, he has never signed with his own name the plays written in partnership.

THE LATTER-DAY DALGETTY.

THE death of Captain Mayne Reid has again attracted attention to one of the most amusing of the minor authors of our time. As usual, the comments made have not all been in the best possible taste. Leading-article writers, instead of being grateful for an excellent subject as they should have been in this dull season, have generally thought fit to speak of this very wholesome writer for boys with a quite misplaced condescension. They have been gravely conscious of their critical mission. They have apologized for saying anything about him at all, and have found excuses for themselves in the fact that he was popular, strange to say, and an amusing object to persons of refined literary taste. This style is effective, but, in our opinion, rather absurd. Nobody has ever supposed that Mayne Reid was a Dumas, but he has a place as a writer for boys which is very respectable of its kind. Good books for boys are far from common, and are assuredly not easy to write. The book which can fix the attention of a healthy-minded lad must be full of the stirring adventures of interesting characters. The hero, his friends, his sweetheart, and his enemies need not be drawn with any delicacy, and subtle analysis is out of place; but the portraits must have a certain human reality, and the sentiments must be simple and consistent. The author must never forget that he is writing for boys, and yet must never play the schoolmaster and preach, though a little useful information artfully mingled with the adventures will not come amiss. Captain Mayne Reid undoubtedly fell off in his later years, but his earlier works are models of what books for boys ought to be. They are not the very best of their class, for they cannot be re-read, like the novels of Captain Marryat, for the sake of the pictures of life which they contain; but they differ rather in degree than in kind. Mayne Reid had lived amid the scenes which he describes in *The Rifle Rangers* and *The Scalp Hunters*, and had powers of observation which made him a witness of some value. He was carrying out a respectable tradition in making romance out of the prairies and backwoods of America. Fenimore Cooper had done the same thing so well that he is credited with having discovered the red man; but he had a long line of ancestors. Ever since Richard Hakluyt made his collection of voyages there has been a public in England for tales of adventure in distant countries. After the heroic Elizabethan days, Englishmen read the real voyages of the buccaneers Basil Ringrose and Dampier, or the imaginary voyages of Captain Singleton, with equal interest. The apocryphal captivity and travels of Colonel John Dunn Hunter among the Indians to the west of the Mississippi was one of the most popular books of the beginning of the century. Mayne Reid was, in fact, the descendant of Defoe, rather than of Fenimore Cooper. From the merely literary point of view his books are by no means contemptible. Given the genre—*The Rifle Rangers*, *The Scalp Hunters*, and *The White Chief* are very good work indeed. The adventures are not half so improbable as many much duller ones which are to be met with in stories of English life pretending to be realistic. The heroes and heroines are more natural than the passionate creatures of ladies' novels. It is true that the scraps of Spanish are wildly inaccurate. Gender, and number, and mood, and tense are slashed about like "grenasers" in a border fray; but equally gross mistakes may be found in the French of more pretentious novelists.

If Mayne Reid has been inspired to leave a book of memoirs behind him, they ought to be quite as readable and more valuable than his novels. The class of military adventurers to which

Mayne Reid belonged is rapidly disappearing. A good volume of memoirs by one of them would be a valuable contribution to the history of the century. Novelists have used the type with more or less effect, generally for purposes of satire. The young man who stole his master's gun, and went to join the Spanish army, came in for a great deal of ridicule about the forties. The number of ex-officers of the Spanish Legion in Thackeray's stories shows what a conspicuous class they must have been for many years. These heroes do not generally appear to their advantage. They may have been brave; but they were certainly lazy, drunken, and impecunious. Thackeray, however, had no squeamish dislike of the soldier of fortune; and once, at least, he drew his portrait with a loving hand. Captain Strong brightens the pages of *Pendennis*, and compares very favourably with the other veterans of the story—the immortal Major, the equally immortal Costigan, and Captain Glanders. It almost looks as if the novelist had attempted to draw a companion figure to Dalgetty. Captain Strong's autobiography is shorter than the Scotchman's, but it gives the history of many men of the time with at least equal accuracy. "I began, sir, as cadet of Hungarian Uhlands, and when the war of Greek independence broke out, quitted that service in consequence of a quarrel with my governor, and was one of seven who escaped from Missolonghi, and was blown up in one of Botzaris's fireships at the age of seventeen. I'll show you my Cross of the Redeemer if you'll come over to my lodgings, and take a glass of grog with me, Captain, this evening. I've a few of those baubles in my desk. I've the White Eagle of Poland; Skrzynecki gave it me" (he pronounced Skrzynecki's name with wonderful accuracy and gusto) "upon the field of Ostrolenko. I was a lieutenant of the fourth regiment, sir, and we marched through Diebitsch's lines—bang thro' em into Prussia, sir, without firing a shot. Ah, Captain, that was a mismanaged business. I received this wound by the side of the King before Oporto—where he would have pounded the stock-jobbing Pedroites had Bourmont followed my advice; and I served in Spain with the King's troops, until the death of my dear friend Zumalacarreguy, when I saw the game was over, and hung up my toasting-iron. Captain, Alava offered me a regiment; but I couldn't—damme, I couldn't—and now, sir, you know Ned Strong—the Chevalier Strong, they call me abroad—as well as he knows himself." Honest as he was, the Chevalier Strong passed over much in the sketch of his life which he gave to Captain Glanders, but he could no doubt have given chapter and verse for what he did choose to tell. Hundreds of gallant gentlemen were fighting for their own hand all over the world in those days. From the time when the Battle of Waterloo put an end to the great wars of the Empire down to the end of the Civil War in America, there was always an opening somewhere for the soldier of fortune.

In these times, when the Secretary for the Colonies is trying to put a stop to an expedition which is to make a settlement in New Guinea, it is scarcely possible to realize how easy it was to raise little armies for revolutionary purposes sixty years ago. The Peace of 1815 was followed by a large reduction of the armies of Europe. The French army was dissolved altogether, and all these veterans had to live somehow. To a large extent they were provided for after the fashion of the great company of Roger de Flor and the free lances of Sir Hugh Calverley. They formed the effective fighting force of half the rebels of the world for a generation. Between 1817 and 1820 ten thousand men sailed from England to fight the Spaniards in Venezuela. They were mostly Peninsular veterans, and were commanded by regular officers, by a General Devereux and Colonels Hippley and English. These heroes won for Bolivar the great battle of Carabobo—but who now remembers the great battle of Carabobo? One of them, the English General Miller, at the head of a body of adventurers from half the nations of Europe, freed Peru in that other great battle of Ayacucho, at the foot of the mountains of Condorkanki—names which are quite as sonorous as Ostrolenko. The Chilians have not forgotten that it was a Scotchman, Lord Cochrane, with a force of British seamen, who swept the Spanish squadron out of the Pacific. Lord Cochrane's end we know; but what became of the others? "In far distant lands, from Dunkirk to Belgrade, lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade," sang Mr. Gavan Duffy, or perhaps it was some other poet of the nation. If Condorkanki and Carabobo could only be brought into the verse, as much might be said of the ten thousand liberators of South America. They died of fever, or were shot, or were left to starve. By the time that the Spaniards were well beaten in the New World there was a fine opening for the soldier of fortune in old Spain and Portugal. A certain ridicule attaches to the names of the Oporto Grenadiers and the Spanish Legion. They are supposed to have been mostly scamps, and perhaps not altogether unjustly. It is not the most orderly and worldly-wise kind of youth who goes away to fight his way to glory in the quarrels of other people. But at least they did fight. When Captain Strong was pounding the stock-jobbing Pedroites at Oporto, or serving with Zumalacarreguy, he must have found his own countrymen on the other side much the most awkward enemies he had to deal with. There was another battle of Hernani besides the decisive affair in the Français. A few of the officers of these forces were men of standing and social position who had a career in England; but the great majority came to the same sad end as their predecessors in South America. Survivors may still be found lingering in a very depressed state in Spanish towns, too often preying upon their own countrymen. The Legion was raised in

England, and with the approval of the Government; but individual Englishmen of High Church and Tory principles were to be found fighting for Dom Miguel in Portugal or Don Carlos in Spain. Captain Strong was a Carlist. It is at least possible that when Thackeray was drawing his character he had in mind the career of a contemporary of his own. The British Museum and a few old-fashioned circulating libraries contain works by a General or Colonel or Captain C. F. Henningsen, whose life seems to have been passed between fighting campaigns and writing books. Among them is an excellent account of the Carlist War down to the death of Zumalacarreguy at the siege of Bilbao, when he also hung up his toasting-iron—for a time. To judge by his literary remains, Captain Henningsen led almost as varied a life as Dalgetty. He was employed in Russia. He fought in the cause of absolute monarchy and Catholic orthodoxy in Biscay. A few years later he was zealously helping Kossuth in Hungary. Then he lent the help of his sword and now considerable experience to the "grey-eyed man of Destiny," Nicaragua Walker. He was one among many. In all the revolutionary movements of Europe from 1820 to 1860 adventurers were to be found fighting on both sides, but more particularly on the side of insurrection, which gave them the best opening. Some of them, like the Poles who served in Hungary, or the Hungarians who followed Garibaldi, were fighting for a cause; but there were not a few who came for the fun of the thing and for the chance of pay. Many of the revolutionary chiefs ended as soldiers of fortune in Turkey. The revolutionary troubles of Europe are over for a time at least, and the scientific military man has it all his own way. He is even ousting the soldier of fortune from Turkey. Happily a fresh field for his exertions seems to be presenting itself in China.

THE GRUMBLER IN COUNTRY HOUSES.

THE discontented man suffers many miseries in country visits. At this time of year his sorrows culminate. He has but a few more weeks to get through, and then "the sweet sunny side of Pall Mall" will welcome him permanently again. While he has this hope to cheer him he cannot be altogether wretched, but may perhaps even derive a melancholy amusement from reviewing the life he has led since the season closed. At the end of July he went forth rejoicing to run his course of visits. He anticipated nothing but pleasure. He would stay a few days in Wales on his way to the moors. Fate would perhaps favour him, and he might meet the lovely creature whom he had so often seen during the season, and be enabled to find out whether she appeared as eligible in the country as in town. He knows she comes from Wales. Then, after a week or two with the grouse, he would return south and visit the hospitable Goldmores, the merry Grays, and the open-housed Bakers, and so work his way quietly back to town. But now October has begun. He has fled back to town, it is true, but only to find most of the principal thoroughfares hopelessly blocked, his club nearly empty, and the servants hardly yet recovered from the laziness of the dull season. Sitting in the empty smoking-room he ruminates sadly on the autumn campaign from which he has just returned. What has been seen or done? Julia, it turns out, came from South Wales. The grumbler sought her at Bettws-y-Coed, and got lost in a mist and wet through on Snowdon. When his cold was better, he went on to Scotland. He was put in charge of a keeper who seemed to grudge him every shot. The grouse were hopelessly wild, and the day's sport generally consisted in following the packs over the hills, seldom getting near enough for a shot. The keeper was sardonic, and seemed rather to gloat over the discomfiture of the Sassenach. The weather was stormy and got worse as the season went on. The one day he went out grouse-driving the wind was so strong that the birds swept past at lightning speed, and the number of victims round his box was by no means in proportion to the emptiness of his cartridge-bag. But if on that memorable occasion the grumbler did not enjoy himself, his next neighbour certainly did. He knew but little of grouse-driving; thought it rare sport; followed the birds round freely in every direction, a proceeding which caused his neighbours to disappear promptly behind their ramparts of turf; and finally crowned his misdemeanours by peppering the grumbler severely when he was unprepared for the attack. This was the last straw, and the grumbler departed more in anger than in sorrow from the Land of Cakes.

He comes back to England in September. The hospitable Goldmores are delighted to see him, and he finds himself amongst a houseful of people, where he expects to have that pleasant kind of solitude which many think is best found in a crowd. But here, as in other cases, the grumbler reckons without his host, or rather his hostess. Mrs. Goldmore may be everything that is most charming, good-humoured, bright, full of chat and healthy animal spirits to an extent not understood by everybody, and endowed with sufficient good looks to be unobtrusively pleasant to the eye. Such a combination of qualities ought to make her the most perfect hostess in the world, but, for the sorrow of her guests in general and the grumbler in particular, Mrs. Goldmore adds to her many virtues one which spoils all—she is overpoweringly, appallingly energetic. Carping critics might hint that her mind was narrow, but, should such a remark be repeated to Mrs. Goldmore, she would only laugh and answer that it was wide enough for her. Whether it is wide

enough to understand the requirements of her guests is another question. Her idea of a country-house party and the way to entertain her visitors is to be always doing something, and, above all, to be doing that something simultaneously. No pack of youthful hounds are better looked after and kept together by their whipper-in than are her luckless guests. No straying, either singly or in couples, is tolerated for an instant. Her strong individuality and absolute selfishness are sure to get the better of her more sensitively-organized victims. The occupations of each day are planned beforehand, like the campaign of an army. The visitors are driven about to the various "points of interest" of the neighbourhood much like a band of personally-conducted tourists, without even the hollow satisfaction claimed by the latter of an open grumble. She will not even allow her guests the privilege of choosing their companions on these excursions. The principle of natural selection is one which she will not recognize. The place of each person is allotted to him or her in break, landau, phaeton, or omnibus with a firmness of decision which it is impossible to gainsay. Thus it is that on several of these expeditions the grumbler finds himself aloft on the omnibus, screwed between the rail on one side and the old maid he most dislikes on the other. He is expected by the amateur whip to look after the working of the skid, which it takes all his strength to move whenever the vehicle arrives at the top or the bottom of a hill. On his return he is silent as to the merits of the expedition, nor does he join in the chorus of praise addressed to the hostess on the excellence of her arrangements. Even when a day of sultry heat makes flannels and light attire a vista of comfort, and lounging in a hammock the only possible exercise, even then her energy is unabated. Her visitors may show as marked a preference as they dare for the punts on the lake or the hammocks under the cedar-trees, but such pleasures are not for them. Is not Lady Carabas giving a combined entertainment of lawn-tennis tournament and cottage-flower show five miles off? and has not Mrs. Goldmore promised, not only to go herself, but to take all her party? The flannels and straw-hats of comfort must be changed for the frock-coat and the tall hat of propriety; and, after swallowing five miles of dust, Mrs. Goldmore triumphantly presents her victims to Lady Carabas, with apparently much the same feeling as a Mexican enjoys when he sees the last of his wild herd of cattle enter the corral before him. By the time our grumbler has escaped from the treadmill of this obtrusive hospitality, he is inclined to think the cross of St. Paul's would be preferable for an autumn holiday to a country house with a self-willed hostess.

Yet, viewing the past by the light of the present, the grumbler owns to himself that his sufferings at the hands of Mrs. Goldmore were as nothing compared to the miseries which awaited him at the abode of the merry Grays. He had been welcomed with delight by Mrs. Goldmore, but he is received with such unmistakable glee by the Grays and their guests, that his vanity is most pleasantly tickled, and he is disposed to congratulate himself upon his change of quarters until he has passed a night beneath the roof of the merry ones. He is roused at early dawn by mysterious sounds which, to his drowsy intelligence, are suggestive of some one choking in his sleep. He tries to call to mind whether he has ever heard that this old house of the Grays is haunted. The dim light of dawn forcing its way through the cracks of the shutters makes the huge old four-poster and its hangings look weird and ghostly. The choking sounds increase; they come distinctly from over his head. The grumbler, more uncomfortably mystified than ever, springs out of bed, flings open the shutters, and light reveals as his mysterious companion a venerable fowl, which has been lodged in a crate on the roof of the four-post bed. On whom can the grumbler take revenge? Who is the author of the trick? Impossible to say. Mrs. Gray has filled her house as usual with a selection of kindred spirits, imbued with the most recent discoveries in the science of practical joking. To them neither place nor season seems sacred as long as a victim is at hand, and the audience duly appreciative. Reprisals are the rule of the house, and, like the Ishmaelites, every man's hand is against his neighbour. The grumbler's shins are broken by unsuspected strings stretched across dark passages; on his way down to dinner he is suddenly drenched from head to foot by a "booby-trap"—a sponge soaked in water placed above a half-open door; one of his choice Havannahs is abstracted from his cigar-case, and another containing a squib put in its place, which subsequently explodes on being lit, and singes off half his moustache and one eyebrow. He cannot go to bed without finding that some "evil-disposed persons" have already visited his room, made his bed into an "apple-pie" plentifully strewn with hair-brushes and razors, and sewn up the sleeves of his night-gown. His candles when they have been lit for five minutes, suddenly go out. An ill-balanced ink-bottle takes the usual place of the matches, and when the matches have at last been found, and the grumbler has light enough to survey himself in the glass, he finds that he looks more like a zebra than a respectable middle-aged gentleman prepared for his slumbers.

It is not possible to bear much of this kind of thing, and the grumbler tries the open-housed Bakers. Here he finds the very antithesis of the Goldmores' system towards their guests. If Mrs. Goldmore marshalled her guests about in rather too peremptory a manner, Mrs. Baker goes to the other extreme. Beyond ordering rooms to be got ready for her guests, and having a due consideration for their appetites, Mrs. Baker seems to get as near forgetting their bodily presence as it is possible for a hostess to do with a large house full of people. Why she or her husband, a

silent and plethoric member of the Lower House, ever ask any one to visit them is a problem still unsolved by most of those who accept their hospitality. Having once filled their spare rooms, both host and hostess seem to think their responsibility at an end, and the guests are left to amuse themselves as best they may. This is by no means the worst plan for making a house attractive, but to ensure its success the people must be extremely well chosen. To a certain extent they should belong to the same set; above all, they should be working bees, and not drones. Drones are so accustomed to continued and enforced idleness that to them such a hostess as Mrs. Goldmore, who bustles them out of breath, is almost a god-send. With her bright domineering activity she gives them all the delights of a new sensation. To them the pleasures of a house where you are left completely to your own devices for your occupations are more than problematical. But to hard-worked men and women such a house is sometimes a haven of rest and comfort. To get away from the noise and dust of a city, to leave behind all irritations and disappointments, and to find yourself where all responsibilities and daily ties are at an end, except a due regard for the dinner-gong, has to be known to be appreciated. But such pleasures may be had in town, and the grumbler's dissatisfaction is doubled when he finds that a choice band of the best fellows in the world have had the hardihood to brave the rigours of the autumn without stirring twenty miles from London.

THE NEW RULES.

THE intermediate period between the termination of the Long Vacation and the beginning of the sittings came to an end yesterday, when the Courts were supposed to resume business under the altered conditions produced by the New Rules. But, as a matter of fact, the first day of the sittings is little more than a show day; the chief business transacted is the breakfast at the Lord Chancellor's, and the procession of the Judges, heretofore up Westminster Hall, but henceforth up the Central Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice. To-day being Saturday is a half-day and a slack half-day with lawyers as with other people, so that it is not probable that things will be in full swing before Monday. Theoretically, however, the New Rules are at this moment in force, and we propose to supplement our late article by pointing out some more of the alterations which take effect in the conduct of legal business.

Perhaps one of the most important reforms sought to be instituted by the New Rules is that aimed at in relation to what are known as the third-party rules. One of the cardinal principles of the whole Judicature Acts system, even in its earliest beginning ten years ago, was the avoidance of a multiplicity of actions. It was sought to compass this end by two methods, one the settlement in one action of all questions between the immediate parties by permitting the defendant to set up any counter-claim he might have against the plaintiff, the other by permitting the defendant to cite and bring into the proceedings any person against whom he claimed any remedy or relief in case the plaintiff should establish his cause of action against him, the defendant. Both designs were most laudable; but while the first has worked on the whole satisfactorily, the second, either by reason of the defective drafting of the rules intended to carry the design into effect, or by reason of the too refined construction which has been put on those rules by the Courts, has turned out a comparative failure. The bringing in a third party could never end in a settlement of all claims between all parties in the one action; the most that could be done towards such a settlement was to decide any question common to all parties, leaving the liability of the parties brought in to be decided by ulterior litigation. So complicated, fruitless, and uncertain had the practice become, that by almost common consent the Bar abstained from advising proceedings of this nature. The New Rules seek to render this procedure more available and efficient by enabling the Court or a judge so to frame the proceedings in the action that the liability of the third party may be decided at the same time as that of the defendant. Still, we do not see that the New Rules get over the practical difficulty almost invariably existing in these cases—namely, the hardship on the plaintiff of having to stand by while questions are being fought out with which he has no concern, his interest in the matter being at an end when once he has established his claim against the defendant. This consideration has always impaired the working of the third-party rules, and will, so far as we can judge, continue to do so, as judges are unwilling to make orders benefiting the defendant at the expense of the plaintiff.

With a view to narrowing the issues at a trial, the Rules enact that either party may, not later than nine days before the day for which notice of trial has been given, tender to the other side a requisition calling upon him to admit specified facts material to the case. If the other party decline or neglect unreasonably to make the required admissions, the costs of proving the facts which ought to have been admitted are to be borne by him, whatever the event of the trial may be. This is a good idea; in every case there are a number of facts which are not really in dispute, but which one party or the other has to be prepared to prove; and though under the old system there existed a machinery of voluntary admissions, it was but little utilized. The method now introduced will compel the parties to disclose the real points on which they mean to fight, and will render the advising on evidence

and preparation for trial a less formidable task than heretofore. The benefit is, however, not obtainable in actions in which notice of trial has been given.

It will be curious to observe the effect, if any, of the New Rules as to mode of trial in diminishing the number of cases tried with juries. As we have before noticed, the having a jury is a matter of course, depending only on its being asked for, save in cases manifestly unfit to be submitted to such a tribunal, and with such an option open to suitors we imagine that the tendency will, at any rate for some time to come, be towards adhering to the old system. One of the competing methods of trials—namely, by referee or arbitrator—has had some additional advantages conferred upon it, possibly with a view to diverting business from juries. The New Rules provide that attendance of witnesses before an arbitrator shall be enforced by subpoena instead of by the more cumbersome means of a judge's order, and they also empower the referee or arbitrator to direct judgment to be entered, instead of as formerly leaving the successful party to move for judgment. An unobtrusive but salutary rule further makes office copies of all documents filed in the High Court admissible in evidence in all causes and matters to the same extent as the originals would have been, thus saving much time, trouble, and expense.

The number of cases in which a rule nisi was obtained in the first instance has been materially curtailed. It may be necessary to explain somewhat further the nature of the change thus introduced. In certain cases of appeal, and also in some original proceedings, such as those for an attachment or to set aside an award, the application was in the first instance an *ex parte* one, and if the applying party made out a *prima facie* case, an order nisi was made calling upon the other side to show cause why the application should not be definitely granted. This was obviously an inadvisable system, inasmuch as the temptation to counsel to misrepresent, or at least to embroider, the facts of the case on an occasion when there was no danger of contradiction or correction was very great, and one to which enthusiastic barristers, anxious to obtain a semblance of success at some stage at least of the case, not infrequently succumbed. And the amendment introduced in cases above referred to was so very handy, a notice to the other side enabling them to be present at the application, to watch, and, if necessary, to modify the statements of the applicant, to give the opposite view of the story, and have the whole matter disposed of in one instead of two hearings. The only thing to be said in favour of the old plan is that in clearly unsustainable applications the motion might be refused in the first instance, and the expense of citing the other party altogether spared. But a very small show of right has always been sufficient to obtain a rule nisi, and the case must have been bad indeed, or counsel singularly devoid of imagination and persuasive power, if a rule nisi could not be obtained. So that the diminution of these applications is definitely an advantage both in the interest of the public and the morality of the Bar. Some briefs will of course be lost to the Common Law Bar, but the loss is as nothing compared with that inflicted on the Chancery Bar by the next alteration we have to notice, which is causing much wailing and gnashing of teeth in Lincoln's Inn. A large proportion of Chancery business consists of petitions relating to a variety of matters. Certain days in each week were set apart for the consideration of these petitions, but the consideration was for the most part purely matter of form, the petitions being granted as of course, provided the requisite formalities were complied with; and petition days were regular field days with counsel in good practice, who came into Court with bundles of as many as twenty briefs on petition, each of which was disposed of in a few minutes. But this easy method of making money has received a serious check, if not a death-blow, by the New Rules, which transfer the whole, or practically the whole, of this lucrative business into Chambers, where it can and probably will be transacted through the less expensive agency of solicitors' managing clerks—leaving the Bar to weep over their diminished gains. So, again, the work of Chancery barristers has been cut into with a similar justification in respect of actions for the administration of the real or personal estate of a deceased person or of a trust. Instead of the lengthy and expensive procedure of an administration in Chancery, in any cases where the representatives of the deceased person or the trustees of the trust were in doubt how to act, such administration may now be carried out in Chambers, or any specific question may be in like manner submitted for the decision and direction of a judge in Chambers, without in any way involving the conduct and management of the rest of the estate; and the Rules have further specified and reduced the number of persons to whom notice of such intended proceedings has to be given, thus avoiding doubts which frequently obtained under the old system.

A blot has been hit by Order XXII. Rule 15, with regard to sums of money recovered by infants or persons of unsound mind in the Queen's Bench Division. In such cases the nominal plaintiff, usually the parent or guardian, obtained full control over the money so recovered, and it was only by consent, usually at the suggestion of the judge, that the money could be secured for the benefit of the person really interested. Now, however, by the rule above mentioned, the judges will have the power to order the money so recovered, or any part thereof, to be paid into Court and invested, and the dividends thereof applied or held in such manner as may be directed. We cannot but believe that in this way infants and lunatics will reap far larger benefits than heretofore from actions brought in their names.

The two scales of costs, of which the higher was formerly

somewhat arbitrarily confined to certain specified actions, are now alternatively applicable to any cases at the discretion of the judge or the taxing-master acting under his directions, the criterion being the importance or difficulty of the particular cases. The lower scale has at the same time been raised in respect of several items.

With regard to the power conferred to the judge of stopping cross-examination which he may consider irrelevant and offensive, we have previously pointed out that this is really only a declaratory provision. Still, after a very notorious case, in which three judges, sitting practically in banco, refused to interfere in a very gross instance of the abuse of cross-examination, there can be no harm in affirming the legitimate authority of the judges on the point, and so strengthening the hands of those functionaries; and we can only hope that the result will be satisfactory in the diminution of that class of bullying indulged in by low-class barristers which excited the wonder of the shrewd author of *John Bull et son fils*.

It may, perhaps, be vain to hope that the practice of the Courts is now settled for some time to come. Already holes are being picked in the New Rules, and gloomy prognostications of further amendment or supplementary Rules indulged in; and no doubt working experience may disclose some really weak points. Still, it is something to have got the accumulated and undigested mass of Practice Rules logically and completely codified, to have amalgamated the Chancery and Common Law Rules, and to have embodied some distinct advantages. The public and the profession are not to be left without theoretical guidance in the interpretation and application of the New Rules. Already several manuals have appeared, including a new edition of Wilson; but such works necessarily lack the value of any authoritative decisions on the innovations now introduced, which can only be supplied by time.

A LOST EDEN.

IN the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Labour Statistics, now issued by the Government of Massachusetts, a very sad story is told. It is that of a lost Eden of Industry. The Report on "Early Factory Labour in New England," in which it is recorded, is by Mrs. Harriet H. Robinson, one of the few people living capable of writing from personal experience an account of what forms a most curious chapter in the history of labour in the New World. About fifty years ago this lady was a mill-hand in Lowell, and Lowell was then the Arcadia of the factory-girl. At that time a female mill-hand was regarded in England and elsewhere as a hopelessly debased daughter of toil, subjected to influences ruinous to purity and self-respect. But philanthropists and sociologists of the sanguine school used to maintain that her condition was due entirely to the corrupting influences of the Old World, irretrievably given over as it was to the ways of the Monarchy, the Flesh, and the Devil. They used to stretch their index fingers to the West and bid us look at Lowell, and see how, under the elevating influences of Democracy, even women of our pariah caste could be turned into virtuous ladies; how they could be made to combine the practical life of labour with the higher life of spiritual and intellectual culture; how, in a word, a society of workpeople could so organize itself that, as Mr. J. Russell Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," says of Emerson, it had "One pole on Olympus and t'other on 'Change." Travelers like Dickens, who were certainly not prepossessed in favour of American institutions, came back to England with glowing accounts of the extraordinary colony of factory-hands they discovered in Lowell—a colony where the men were respectful and chivalrous to the women, and the women were gentle and refined, and worthy of the deference paid them by the men. Even Andrew Jackson, a rough and vulgar soldier, on visiting the place in the course of a Presidential tour, was moved to deep emotion when the mill-hands turned out to meet him, as the veracious Cowley, who once wrote a history of the town, quaintly puts it, "like troops of liveried angels, clothed in white (with pink parasols), cannons booming, drums beating, banners flying, and handkerchiefs waving, &c. &c." Everybody, indeed, who professed to be full of "the enthusiasm of humanity" used to cite Lowell as proving the ease with which, when unhindered by aristocratic influences, the divine union of Labour and Culture could be consummated; how even the rudest type of women-workers might cultivate the graces and the humanities, and yet be content to be handworkers after all.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labour Statistics, has dissipated their charming illusions—after the approved manner of your unromantic statistician. He has got from a competent hand a true account of what factory life at Lowell really was in those old days; and it presents such a strange contrast to what it is now, that he has wisely given it a place in his Annual Report, so that, as an interesting bit of history, it may be preserved in the archives of the State. On the whole this account, drawn up by Mrs. Robinson, who herself began life at the lowest rung of the industrial ladder in Lowell, bears out the descriptions which, *Consuelo Planco*, the popular magazines now and then gave us. In 1832 five mill-owning spinning companies were started in Lowell, and "help," by which Mrs. Robinson means "labour," was "in great demand." Men and women heard in far-off farm towns of the high wages offered in Lowell, and to it as to a New England El Dorado they

accordingly flocked. Mrs. Robinson says of the mill-girls that they were mostly young folks of respectable middle-class families between sixteen and twenty-five years of age. The hours were from five in the morning till seven at night; but the girls who had homes used to go back to them or to visit friends for from two to four months out of the twelve. "Except in rare instances," says Mrs. Robinson, "the rights of the mill-girls were secure. They were subject to no extortion, and if they did extra work they were always paid in full. Their own account of labour done by the piece was always accepted. They kept the figures, and were paid accordingly." They were not driven, and they had a fair amount of time for rest. "They were," according to her, "treated with consideration by their employers, and there was a feeling of respectful equality between them." They even used to go to the houses of their masters and their overseers, who received them as if they were their daughters or sisters. In turn the Lowell mill-girls took a special interest in their work. Mrs. Robinson says—and we invite Mr. Ruskin's attention to this passage in her Report—they took "as much pride in spinning a smooth thread, drawing in a perfect web, or in making good cloth, as they would have done if the material had been for their own wearing." They lived in boarding-houses, each house being a refined little village community, and it may be remembered how Dickens in his *American Notes* records with surprise that they all had pianos, and how he found "the young ladies," as he styles them, subscribing to good circulating libraries. Their masters founded schools and seminaries for them, and they read and studied, and organized "Improvement Circles," in which they discussed what they read, and debated all manner of questions, political, social, literary, and philosophical. The fame of the place as a centre of feminine culture so spread, that Mrs. Robinson says women who were well-to-do used to come from far and near to join this community of factory-girls, not for the sake of the wages that were to be earned, but for the educational advantages they were enjoying. Lowell, in fact, became a standing refutation of Jefferson's pet "fad"—which, it may be remembered was, that manufactures would prove a curse to American society; and that factory operatives as a class usually figure in history as "the panders of vice and the instruments by which the liberties of the people are generally overturned." Nor did the Lowell girls, though they were omnivorous readers, read trash. Among novels, for instance, the great classics—Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Miss Burney—were their favourite authors. The young women of Lowell also produced a magazine called *The Offering*, a selection from the pages of which Harriet Martineau published, under the quaint title of *Mind among the Spindles*; and even Dickens, writing in 1842, said of it that, "putting out of sight the fact of the articles having been written by these girls after the arduous hours of the day," it "will compare advantageously with a great many English annuals." The motto of the first number—

The worm on the earth
May look up to the star—

is described in Mrs. Robinson's Report as "rather abject." To us, however, it seems full of pathetic significance, and infinitely apter to the case than the one under which the periodical ultimately died:—"Is Saul also among the prophets?"

For the rest, these mill-girls after work read metaphysics, wrote poetry, and when they had nothing better to do yearned after the Infinite. It is true that the transcendental problems which they discussed in their "Improvement Circles" seem to us, looking back on them after the lapse of nearly half a century, to have been often as pertinent and practical as that with which the wicked young man of Harvard posed poor Bronson Alcott, when he asked his opinion on "the latest theory of Verdantius Grün—to wit, that the moon is a mass of sweitzeroseaceous matter, congealed from the uberous glands of the lacteal nebula." Looking also at the poetry they wrote, it strikes one now either as being as "spasmodic" as Aytoun's burlesque, *Pirmitian*, or as belonging to the vague and sentimentally mystical school of those who warble about "the Vedas of the violet." As for "the Infinite" after which they yearned, they might well be pardoned for indulging in this amusement, for it is recorded of them that they mostly all made haste to become good wives and mothers, usually marrying men of position and culture; indeed it is quite clear from what Mrs. Robinson says that in the long run the community perished of matrimony. Even during their spinsterhood or widowhood, however, the Lowell women were not mere dreamers, for it is recorded that they were careful to save their wages so that they might help their families—oftenest of all, as Mrs. Robinson notes, "to make a gentleman of a brother or a son," and to "give him a college education." Altogether, making allowance for her eccentricity, her conceit, her slightly arrogant virtue, and her odd matrimonial preference for "doctors of divinity," on which Mrs. Robinson touches, the Lowell mill-girl was a fine type of woman to have in a young country in need of strong-headed men, and where plain living and high thinking are not considered despicable ideals in everyday life. But, after Mrs. Robinson has artfully led us up to this conclusion, we find her Report becomes full of a bitter sweetness. It is sweet with memory, but bitter with regret, for the Lowell mill-girl, it seems, exists no longer. The Arcadia of Labour that she graced is a bit of old history, and the official record of her life is, as we have ventured to style it, the story of a lost Eden. The Lowell mill-girl of to-day is like other mill-girls—devoid of culture, unrefined in feeling, drudging from week's end to week's end without high aim or noble purpose, striving with tired hope-

lessness to give as little work as she can for as much wages as she is able to extort. There are good books for her to read in the libraries left by her predecessors, who have gone away to grace the homes of rich merchants, luxurious artists, bold brigadiers, able editors, sharp lawyers, ponderous professors, and pious doctors of divinity. But they remain unread. The Lowell mill-girls, Mrs. Robinson reports, have now "more leisure than the mill-girls of forty years ago, but they do not know how to improve it. Their leisure only gives them the more time to be idle in, more time to waste in the streets," or in reading novels at once cheap and trashy. The employers no longer treat them as equals. Doctors of divinity no longer compete for their hands in marriage. The Lowell factory of to-day is not, as we are so often told, a paradise of toil, where the poet's ideal that "labour is worship" is realized, but, according to Mrs. Robinson, "a soulless organization" where the workers live barren and hopeless lives amidst unlovely surroundings. The Arcadian community wherein the hopeful school of sociologists assured us the crucial problem of the reconciliation of manual labour and culture had been solved is dead. As Mrs. Browning sadly sings:—

What can you do with people when they are dead
But, if you are pious, sing a hymn and go,
Or, if you are tender, heave a sigh and go?
But go by all means—and permit the grass
To keep its green fend 'twixt them and you.

Yet we are unwilling to part with the official historian of Lowell without suggesting to her that the decay of her Arcadia of Factory Labour was inevitable, for this simple reason. It was a unique outgrowth of wholly exceptional conditions—a fact which English writers on sociology, who have kept on lauding it as if it were still flourishing in pristine glory, have steadily ignored. The plain truth is that the Lowell mill-girls formed a cultured community simply because it chanced that they were drawn from a class infinitely superior to that which usually furnishes factories with their labour. Fifty years ago in New England there were very few occupations open to middle-class women; in fact, in 1840 there were, besides home life, only seven vocations open to them; whereas in New England, according to the last Census, women are now engaged in 284 branches of industry. The Great West was not, in those rough and perilous times, accessible to women of gentle upbringing. A great many highly respectable families were suffering from poverty, into which the Civil War had driven them—or, rather, had not recovered from the effects of their losses during the war, and the unmarried ladies of these families were fain to go out into the world and earn their livelihood. Pride was strong. But still stronger was ambition and the burning desire to re-create the broken fortunes of a headless household, as Mrs. Robinson's own curious admission that "the most prevailing incentive to labour was to secure the means of education for some male member of the family" clearly shows. The old Puritan blood and high personal character, founded on a firm substratum of earnest religious feeling, formed the heritage of most of the women who were attracted to Lowell fifty years ago by the high wages offered by the mill-owners. They not only, therefore, had an inherited taste for culture, but an inherited capacity for winning it; and there is one sentence in this official Report which speaks volumes—"Help was too valuable to be ill-treated." Little need is there then to wonder that, when the Lowell mill-girls were seen at church or met in the houses of their masters, they could not be distinguished from the daughters of their employers. Why should they? They all belonged to the same class, and the reason why Lowell, as an ideal community, vanished is this. New England women of that class have now found something better to do than tend spindles in cotton mills; and the vast influx of female immigrants of the lower orders from Europe has no longer made "help" so "valuable" that it must be exceptionally treated; on the contrary, it has filled the Lowell mills with "hands" who neither expect nor deserve to be treated as if they were educated gentlewomen. The moral is, not that under a democratic system it is easier than in the old world to organize an Arcadia of Labour; it is that under any system blood and breeding must tell, and that when, owing to exceptional social conditions, women well born and gently bred are forced to take to a kind of work which is supposed to demoralize their sex, the chances are they will so manage matters that they will still live like persons of respectability. That, however, does not detract from the value of the story of Lowell and its curious old factory life. But it dissipates a great many of the illusions with which it has been customary to surround it. Goethe's mother once said, "My son, whenever he had a grief, made a poem of it, and so got rid of it." The Americans, when they have an idea, make an experiment of it, and then there is an end to it. On this principle, in so far as Lowell was the embodiment of a new idea of social organization, it has shared the fate of Brook Farm. Only, instead of being immortalized in *A Blithedale Romance*, its memory is entombed in a Bureau of Statistics.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH DEBT REDEMPTION.

WE discussed last week one of the effects upon the Money Market of the rapid redemption of debt by the United States; but that redemption, coupled with Mr. Childers's scheme for the reduction of our own National Debt, will have a not less important influence upon the stock markets. As we pointed out

last week, the national banks of the United States are compelled by law to hold as security for their note circulation bonds of the United States Government. They also hold some of these bonds as ordinary investors do. And much larger amounts are held by the State, the private and the savings banks, by Insurance Companies, trustees, and others, as well as by the general public. The rapid redemption of debt, however, has raised the prices of United States bonds so high, and has made those bonds so scarce, that it is expected that if the existing law is maintained the national banks will in the course of two or three years be obliged to contract their note circulation to within about half of what it now is, if not even more. Assuming that Congress does not reduce greatly the Customs duties, and, therefore, the surplus revenue available for the redemption of debt, the banks will probably be obliged to sell even those bonds that are not called in for redemption, as otherwise the price will rise so high that it will not pay the banks to maintain a note circulation. But in this case the banks will necessarily have to hold as investment much larger amounts of securities than they have hitherto done. European banks, for example, invest a considerable portion of their capital in the securities of the great Governments. They find that the most profitable and the most eligible form of holding such portions of their reserves as are not immediately required. And doubtless the national banks of the United States will have to do the same. In that case the national banks will buy either foreign Government securities or the securities of the several States of the Union and of the local authorities, and the bonds of their best-managed railways. Again, if the banks should be authorized to hold State securities or other American securities as cover for their note circulation, they will have to buy very large quantities of these; while it has been suggested by Mr. Knox, the Controller of the Currency, that they should be allowed to hold securities of the best foreign Governments, such as those of England, France, and Germany. In any case there will be large buying, either as security for their note circulation or as investment, on the part of the national banks of other securities than those of the United States Government. And that buying will tend to raise the prices of the securities thus invested in. After a time the process of redemption will compel all voluntary investors in United States bonds to change their investments for some other kind of security, and thus there will gradually be an increasing tendency in the United States to buy other than United States Government securities, until at last the whole of the debt of the United States is paid off, and then all investment will necessarily be either in the remaining American securities or in foreign Government securities of some kind. In the meanwhile the population and wealth of the United States will be growing at a rate never witnessed elsewhere. By the time that the whole of the debt of the United States may be paid off at par it is calculated that the population of the United States will be about one hundred millions. And, as the wealth of the country will increase still more rapidly, the investment by this vast population will tend to raise enormously the prices of other securities generally.

The effect of Mr. Childers's scheme will be somewhat similar, and, when added to the operations going on in the United States, can hardly fail to make a great impression upon the prices of stocks. Briefly stated, Mr. Childers's scheme is to buy up within twenty years 173 millions of stock now held in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice on account of the suitors in the Court, and by the National Debt Commissioners on account of the depositors in the savings banks, and to pay for those purchases by means of Terminable Annuities ending in twenty, fifteen, ten, and five years respectively, and renewable at the end of each of those terms. In the twenty years about 173 millions, as we have said, are expected to be bought up; and of this amount about 123 millions will be paid for. As the Chancery Division of the High Court and the National Debt Commissioners are, in reality, only trustees for the suitors in the Court and for the depositors in the savings banks, both will be bound to purchase stock to replace that which they have sold to the Government. The Government, as we have said, pays for the stock it buys by means of Terminable Annuities, part of which is interest and part principal; and each year the part that represents principal will have to be reinvested by the Chancery Division and by the National Debt Commissioners. At the end of the twenty years, therefore, 123 millions of debt now held by the general public will have been bought on account of the suitors in Chancery and the depositors in savings banks, while 173 millions held by the Chancery Division and the National Debt Commissioners will have been completely cancelled. But in the course of twenty years it is to be assumed that the population and wealth of the country will have enormously increased. The depositors in the savings banks, no doubt, will be much more numerous than they are now, and the sums they will have deposited will also have greatly increased. The suitors in Chancery, too, will probably be more numerous, and the sums concerned will be larger; while as the country grows in wealth and population, the property in the hands of trustees will have augmented, and the investors of all kinds in Consols will be more numerous and will hold larger amounts. Thus, while the debt will have decreased by 173 millions, the demand for Consols will have largely increased; and the necessary consequence of a diminished supply and an augmented demand is a considerable rise of price. It is generally expected that the Government will avail itself of this favourable combination of circumstances to reduce the interest on the debt to 2½ per cent. But whether it does so or not, the income derivable by an investor will

necessarily fall with the rise of price. Large numbers of persons who now buy Consols will in consequence change their investment, and buy the bonds of other Governments, or the debentures of the best home railways, or securities of the higher class of municipalities, so as to obtain a higher interest. Furthermore, those who now hold foreign Government securities and railway debentures, finding the prices of these raised by the increased competition, will in search of a higher dividend buy lower classes of securities, and so the effect will transmit itself from class to class of securities.

Such, then, is the tendency of the operations of the English and American Governments in reducing their debts. But, of course, the tendency may be counterbalanced by other influences. If, for example, there were to be a great European war, there would be an issue by the belligerent Governments of various loans, and thus the reduction of securities effected by the Governments of England and the United States would be more than neutralized by the increase of the debts of the Governments engaged in hostilities. If, however, the war were to last but a short time, its effect would be merely to suspend the rise of prices which we have been describing. The American Civil War lasted for four years, and the increase of the American debt was enormous; yet it arrested but for a very short time the rise in the prices of securities going on in consequence of the reduction of their debts by several European States, and the rapid growth of wealth and population throughout the civilized world. The Franco-German War increased still more largely the debt of France, and that debt has been growing ever since, yet the arrest of the rise of prices in consequence has been but short-lived. United States bonds, as we see, are far above par, and even Consols have been at par or over for a couple of years now; while French bonds themselves have been rapidly rising, the Four and a Half per Cents. being considerably above par. And, in the same way, the securities of nearly all Governments have been rising steadily for years. A short war, then, would have but a temporary effect in arresting the tendency which we have been describing. But, if the war were to be protracted, and if several great States were to be engaged in it, there might be a longer continued arrest of the rise of Stock Exchange securities generally, and there might even for some time be a very considerable fall. The war would have to be very long continued and very general, however, if the fall of prices were to be maintained for any length of time. For the natural tendency, even apart from reductions of debt, is to raise prices. As stated above, the population of the United States will probably reach 100 millions early in the next century; and, as that population will be the richest and the most enterprising in the world, its investments alone must go far to neutralize the effects of any European war. No doubt its investments in the first place will chiefly be in American securities. But 100 millions of people will invest largely in every kind of security, especially if the fall were to be serious. Our own Colonies, again, will grow rapidly in a quarter of a century, and their investments will tend greatly to make up for any waste of wealth by European war. And generally the result of the wonderful mechanical inventions of the past hundred years, of railway construction, and of the connexion of all parts of the world by means of telegraphs, has been to stimulate so immensely the wealth of the world as to enable savings to be accumulated in vast amounts year by year. And these savings would go on even in case of a great European war, unless it were to exceed all previous experience in the magnitude of the operations and the destruction of capital. Were our own country to be engaged in war, and were the hostilities to last long, Mr. Childers's scheme, of course, would have to be suspended, and the debt would be increased instead of reduced. But it is not probable that the Government of the United States will involve itself in a European war for many years to come, and the likelihood now is that, whatever may happen, the debt of the United States will disappear in a very few years; and, therefore, that that influence will continue to operate whether there is war or not. Another tendency, provided that war is avoided, operating in favour of a rise of prices is the growth of trade. As the prosperity of the world becomes greater, the earning capacity of great industrial enterprises such as railways increases with it, and therefore railway securities ought in the course of years to be worth more. But what we are now concerned with is not a rise of prices arising out of the greater value of the securities dealt in, but a rise of prices brought about by increasing scarcity of first-class securities. And this scarcity will year by year become greater, if a general European war is avoided.

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

ALREADY the picture season has set in. The moment we return from the Long Vacation, the Galleries, like the Law Courts, open upon us; and the lover of art may now visit successively five regular exhibitions and at least two other Galleries where entrance is free, as well as the National Gallery itself, where many alterations in hanging and other improvements have been made within the past few weeks. But the chance visitor is not recommended to go to the National Gallery on the same day on which he goes to the minor exhibitions. If we would think the best of the artists of our own time, we must not compare them with the artists of the past. The exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, for instance,

looks, after a visit to Trafalgar Square, like an exhibition of amateur work. Some things are very good, but they are the less ambitious things. High art is absolutely unrepresented, and we are glad of it. To judge by the larger works, such as "Love's Messenger," and a somewhat similar piece of semi-nudity hung as a pendant to it, the want of high aims on the part of the exhibitors is not very much to be regretted. The place of honour at the end of the room is filled by Mr. L. C. Nightingale's "Betrayed," a somewhat dramatic scene, where a man in the costume of a hundred years ago is visited by the officers of justice. His half-unpacked portmanteau in the foreground, by its very modern look, detracts from the unity of the design. Below "Betrayed" is Mr. Schafer's "Trust," a young lady playing with a dog. It is thin and poor in treatment, and the sharp projection of the face and a very long arm against a dark background is unpleasant. Two landscapes, well worthy of Mr. Adrian Stokes's growing reputation, hang on either side; but to judge fairly of the exhibition the eastern wall rather than the southern must be examined. Here is hung Mr. Claude Calthrop's "Two Mothers"—namely, a lady with her child and a cat and her kitten. The idea is not new, but the view of a modern drawing-room interior, with its appropriate furniture, has seldom been made more pleasing. The whole picture is in such admirable keeping that a harmonious effect is produced, though, what with carpets and covers, pictures and books, to say nothing of figures, all the colours of the rainbow and some over are represented. On the same wall are several other noteworthy works. Sir Robert Collier's "Matterhorn" is a portrait-landscape, if we may use such an expression, representing, as it does, with absolute fidelity a well-known view. There are powers of composition, and especially of management, in the lights and shadows, which show that this is no mere coloured photograph, but, in the full sense of the word, a picture. This observation applies also to two little works by Mr. C. Lambert. They hang near together, and are entitled "Whispered Words" and "The Highway," and, though very small, show powers of a very high order. The first is less of a landscape and more of a figure subject than the second, but in both a fine effect is produced by a combination so satisfactory that we are inclined to place these two small pictures as high as any landscape, and scarcely below any figure-picture in the room. On the same wall is Mr. Blinks's "Pick of the Pack," a group of very handsome hounds, painted with great strength and ease, and more satisfactory than some of the same artist's other contributions. M. Fantin's "Apples" are prettier than his very withered-looking "Roses." In the corner near the door are "A Brown Study," by Mr. Goff, "The Hayfield," by Mr. Lambert, and "Played Out," by Mr. Lawson, all of them deserving of a longer notice than we can give them here. On the opposite wall there is not so much that can be praised. M. Montbard's "Ghawazi" is terribly rough and inharmonious; Mr. Chevalier's "Street in Boulae" contrasts unfavourably with Mr. Varley's "Entrance to the Gemalieh Quarter, Cairo"; and Mr. Bridgman's "After the Bath" is another example of the comparative failure of the Dudley Gallery exhibitors in treating the nude. Very clever in several ways, but cold and hard, is Mr. Gotch's "Hiding from Granny," where an old woman looks from an upper window into a grey courtyard, and two children are behind a great water-barrel. The tiles, the pavement, and the butt are better painted than the figures, in which, however, there is plenty of expression. Miss Dorothy Tennant sends "A Naiad," which is an even closer imitation than she has hitherto achieved of the art of M. Heuner. "A Wet September Day," by Mr. Lindström, will be admired as a good example of a foreign school of landscape, as will "Ullawater," a sweet but weak view by Mr. T. B. W. Forster, and "Ocean and Mist," by Mr. Shaw, both purely English in treatment. Miss Hayllar's work shows well in "Out of Bounds"; two children in the sunny lights and deep shades of a shrubbery. She also exhibits a winter landscape, and a charming little "Pink Azalea." Mr. James Hayllar shows a child being measured by a proud grandfather, "Three feet six," a pleasant bright picture. Two pictures in very distinct styles by Mr. Pepys Cockerell should not be overlooked. The "Ariadne" is rich in colour, but the face disappoints us. Mrs. Staples's "Dreaming," a fire-lighted single figure, is also disappointing. On the screen there is a clear, bright "Summer Sea," by Mr. Hamilton Maccallum; a lovely little face by Mr. Perugini entitled "Justine" hangs just above it; and a little to one side is a small but brilliant study of "A Shepherd Boy" by Mr. E. R. Hughes, which may be considered, in spite of its modest proportions, to be, on the whole, the most satisfactory piece of work in the Gallery. A series of illuminations—we cannot call them pictures—by Mr. T. M. Rooke, show the very limited character of his powers. He has not yet learned apparently that gorgeous colours do not, unless harmonized, make gorgeous pictures. On the whole, there is much that is instructive, much that is melancholy, a little that is pleasing, and a very little that is quite satisfactory in the exhibition, which, however, does not seem to have suffered very much by the recent changes of management.

A rather higher level is reached by the foreign artists at the French Gallery. Here we have M. Heffner in a grand landscape and some smaller ones, and M. de Munkácsy in a sketch for his "Christ before Pilate." But the principal feature of the whole exhibition is a large Corot, the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." This cannot, of course, be reckoned an example of contemporary art. The painter's death, and the fact that the picture was finished several years ago, remove it to another sphere

of criticism. For a Corot it is gigantic. The colouring is his, and the wooded glade, with the shivering poplar leaves and the delicate reflected light which fills the background. But the figures go far to spoil the landscape. The saint lies in the foreground bleeding from the arrow wounds; women and angels attend him, and one's first feeling is a wish that such ugly people would get out of the way, that we might see more of the landscape. This is not the proper attitude of mind towards a picture by Corot; yet we cannot avoid it, nor can we avoid surprise at hearing that the great painter himself was so attached to this picture that he could not bring himself to sell it. M. Czachorski's "Farewell to the World" represents a nun parting with her family, and is magnificently painted, with a firmness and knowledge we should like to see more of in English art. There our admiration for M. Czachorski stops. The picture is without passion or pathos. As usual in the French Gallery, landscape is well represented. Of M. Heffner's pictures, and especially of his sunsets, there is nothing to be said but what we have often said before. Their simplicity, their sweetness, their brilliancy, their depth, their sentiment, and so on, might detain us as long as any space remained. But there are other landscapes of beauty besides M. Heffner's, and we are glad to welcome two by Miss Clara Montalba, whose work may be claimed for our own country, as well as a scene at Venice by Mr. Bartlett, and Mr. Webb's "Bit of Holland." We may also name M. Corrodi, Mr. Lender, A.R.A., M. de Blaas, and Mr. John Varley among the chief contributors to the success of the exhibition, from which, however, we miss Professor Carl Muller, one of the ornaments of former seasons. There is some compensation, however, in a lovely little Edouard Frère, "La Petite Tricotouse." Polish names are common in the catalogue, and among them the most prominent is perhaps that of M. Skutetzky, whose "New Model," a young girl being introduced by her father to the artist, is a very solid piece of work, with plenty of humour and force. The father is expatiating on the personal charms of the candidate, and the artist looks as shy as his intended model. Altogether, this exhibition is above the average of the season.

Among the smaller shows, one bids fair to prove popular on literary rather than artistic grounds. "Phiz" had the good fortune to be chosen as the illustrator of a majority of the novels of Dickens and of Lever. Compared with Leech as a comic draughtsman he is literally nowhere. Yet he prescribed the forms in which we should clothe many popular characters. He gives us our ideas of the personality of Major O'Shaughnessy and Micky Free, of Mrs. Gamp and Mr. Pecksniff, of Smike and Dora. The Duchess of St. Albans has preserved many of the drawings for *Bleak House* and *Domby and Son*, and has lent them for the purposes of this exhibition. Mr. Colnaghi, at the Guardi Gallery in the Haymarket, has some fine pictures by M. Verlat, of Antwerp, and his usual supply of the beautiful studies of Mr. Hermann Philips. An exquisite little Domingo is flanked by some of Signor Rubens Santoro's Italian scenes, worthy examples of a versatile and rapidly rising artist. At Mr. MacLean's Gallery there is an interesting collection of water-colours by, among others, Mr. Birket Foster, Mrs. Angel, Mr. E. K. Johnson, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Haag, and others of our best artists. Among them a mere sketch by Mr. F. Linden, entitled "The Billet-doux," should be noticed, as well as Mrs. Allingham's "Pensioner's Garden, Chelsea Hospital," a lovely imitation of Walker's style, and two Italian scenes by M. Galofre. At Mr. Dowdeswell's in Bond Street there are collections of small studies and pictures by several artists. Mr. C. Robertson contributes some pretty sketches of English coast scenery, two score in number, among which we may name one as a typically beautiful example of delicate painting—the view of "Clovelly." That Mr. Robertson is capable of bolder work is apparent from a series of studies which follow, and of which the catalogue notes that "Mr. Robertson will finish any of these sketches if desired." Some Breton and other subjects, by Mr. Walter Langley, will increase his reputation, especially "A Crown of Years" and the "Rising Storm." Mr. Wetherbee's pictures remind us strongly of Mason. There are some Alpine sketches by Mr. Donne, and three fine Italian scenes by Mr. Breakspeare. In short, what with these sets of pictures and a number of separate works, especially one by Mr. A. Moore, there is much to detain the visitor. The private view on Friday and Saturday of some studies by the young ladies of the Female School of Art in Queen Square deserves a line of encouragement. The prize-winning drawings of flowers by Miss Varley and of the Olympic Hermes by Miss Wood were striking features of the little exhibition. The school now affords instruction in chromo-lithography—a very suitable employment for women.

MISS MARY ANDERSON IN THE LADY OF LYONS.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has, on the whole, been well advised in selecting *The Lady of Lyons* to follow *Ingomar* in her series of performances at the Lyceum. The world has long made up its mind as to the merits of this play. We are all agreed that, from a literary point of view, it is simply ludicrous. The language is so flowery that it is ungrammatical, and the morality of the characters belongs to a world rather less like the real one than the dramatic fairyland of *Etherege* and *Congreve*. In the great final scene of the fourth act Lord Lytton's love of the

sonorous—the Good, the Beautiful, the True, &c., with capital letters—led him into making a gross dramatic mistake. He has put gushing long speeches into the mouths of his characters at a moment when long speeches are ridiculously out of place. But, great as the dramatic vices of *The Lady of Lyons* are, there can be no doubt that it is theatrical. It is full of effective situations. Miss Anderson is particularly fitted to play the heroine with success, for she carries on the traditions of the school for which it was written.

Her performance was marked by all the merits of that school—by careful elocution, conscientious workmanship, a constant regard for grace in gesture, and a vigilant attention to the demands of stage perspective. In the lighter parts she was charming throughout, and she is entitled to rank it among her artistic capabilities that she can look her part. During the garden scenes of the second act Miss Anderson looked like an animated heroine from a book illustrated by Stothard. Neither was she simply elegant. There was genuine pathos in her attitude and expression as she sat listening to Claude Melnotte's magniloquent description of that astounding palace by the Lake of Como. If she is not altogether satisfactory in later and more difficult passages of the play, it is rather because her acting leaves an impression of something wanting than because anything is absolutely ill done. The good elocution, the grace, and the care are always present; but there are times when these things, excellent and indispensable though they be, are not enough. They give the full force of the words, but in *The Lady of Lyons* that is not enough. It is incumbent on the actress who would play Pauline with success to supply the genuine human passion which is wanting to the author's words, and this Miss Anderson is not always successful in doing. When she reproaches the man who has tricked her, Pauline must be thinking not of that tedious palace by the Lake of Como, but of the deceit of him whom she has loved. Now in Miss Anderson's acting we cannot away with the palace. Again, when Pauline tells Beausant that "a husband's house, however humble, should be the temple of his wife's honour," we should feel grateful to the actress who could conceal the catch-penny form of the sentiment by its essential worth. To that gratitude Miss Anderson is not in our opinion entitled. The words came out very loud and distinct and frightened the sentiment away. In the fifth act Miss Anderson's artistic sense, which is obviously very delicate for matters of form, stood her in good stead. Nothing could be more striking than her pose by the fire. Her old-fashioned and elaborate fall into Melnotte's arms might, however, be judiciously modified.

The scratch company at the Lyceum gave Miss Anderson better support than such companies usually do. Mrs. Billington acted the small part of the widow Melnotte as well as any actress can who does not possess actual genius. Mrs. Arthur Stirling as Mme. Deschappelles and Mr. Stephen as her husband were firm and intelligent. Mr. W. Farren as Colonel Damas was not exactly in his element; but it is needless to say that he played like a trained and intelligent actor. We should have expected, however, that a player of his experience would have been sufficiently master of the small sword to make the fencing scene a little less ridiculous. Apart from those conventional ways of expressing emotion which Mr. Archer always indulges in, his performance of Beausant was probably the best acting of a secondary part in the play. The real respect we entertain for a most cheerful and laborious actor makes us unwilling to dwell on Mr. Barnes's Claude Melnotte. Mr. Barnes smiled so tropically, wept with such resolution, strode about so energetically, and took what should have been the right attitude, but was not because of some little deviation, with such unwearied industry that he ought to have succeeded. He could not command success, and must rest content with having deserved it—morally.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

THE late Houghton Meeting opened on a beautiful day and with very good racing. As Geheinniss was not to be sold, she had to give weight to each of her half-dozen opponents for the Trial Stakes. Yet odds were laid on her, and she won very cleverly by three-quarters of a length from Toastmaster, to whom she was giving a stone and 6 lbs. There was a field of a dozen for the Monday Nursery Handicap, and St. Medard, who was about the best performer of the party, was considered too heavily weighted to be first favourite; but he proved himself capable of bearing his extra burden, for he won a very pretty race by half a length from Hedge Priest, the first favourite, to whom he was giving nearly a stone. A very unusual thing happened in the betting on the Flying Stakes. Four horses were equal favourites at 5 to 1. The rest of the twelve starters were backed at prices varying from 7 to 33 to 1. The Duke of Hamilton's Export, who was one of the four favourites, won easily by a length. Lord Ellesmere's Nelly Moore colt, a 10 to 1 outsider, won the two-year-old Sweepstakes by a head, after a very fine race with Trionfi, on whom odds had been laid. Only five two-year-olds started for the Criterion Stakes. Royal Fern was made first favourite, on the strength of his running in the Middle Park Plate. Archiduc, who had run second in each of the three races for which he had started, was second favourite; and Talisman was third favourite. Archiduc made the whole of the running; at the Red Post he was challenged by Talisman on the right and by Royal Fern on

the left; but he soon shook them off and won by four lengths. Talisman was second, half a length in front of Royal Fern.

Extreme outsiders won the first and second races on the Tuesday, and in the third race Trionfi made up for his defeat of the previous afternoon by winning pretty cleverly. Then followed the Cambridgeshire, which we described last week. The Criterion Nursery was won easily by Light Heart, but there was a dead heat for second place; and a very pretty race followed, in the Home-Bred Post Produce Stakes, between Lord Lascelles's Clochette and the Duke of Hamilton's Poetry. Clochette waited on Poetry until the pair were within a short distance of the winning-post, when she came up and won by a head.

Wednesday's racing began by a succession of defeats for backers. Four times consecutively they made the wrong horse the favourite. In one case they laid even, and in another they laid odds, on a horse that was doomed to defeat, and horses at 8 and 10 to 1 were successful; but there were a couple of beautiful finishes, each of which was won by a head. Then came one of the most interesting events of the week, which was a match between the Dukes of Westminster and Portland. This year, as ill luck would have it, there were a couple of two-year-old colts, supposed to be about the best of the season, which were unentered for next year's Derby. Moreover, neither of them had many important engagements, either as two-year-olds or as three-year-olds; one because he had not been considered good enough to be worth entering, and the other because the death of his nominator had disqualified him. These two colts were the Duke of Westminster's Duke of Richmond, a beautiful but rather small bay colt, by Hampton out of Preference, and the Duke of Portland's St. Simon, a fine and powerful brown colt, perhaps a trifle high on the legs, by Galopin out of St. Angela. The Duke of Westminster had bred his own colt, but the Duke of Portland had given 1,600 guineas for St. Simon at the sale of the stud of the late Prince Batthyany. Duke of Richmond had run once, and St. Simon had run four times, but neither of them had been beaten. The two Dukes gave a great deal of pleasure to the public by making a match between these colts. The betting-men laid 2 to 1 on "the Saint against the Duke," as they were pleased to express it, for the Saint had shown wonderful form when carrying heavy weights, whereas the Duke had only run once, excellent as his performance had then been. Archer rode for the Duke of Portland and Cannon for the Duke of Westminster. Both colts sprang away together the moment the flag fell, and they galloped side by side for a couple of hundred yards. Then St. Simon took a very slight lead, but Duke of Richmond's head was at his girths. They went on thus as far as the Abingdon Dip, where Archer sent St. Simon on a little faster. Cannon then tried to rouse Duke of Richmond, but it was to no purpose, for St. Simon won in a canter by three-quarters of a length. It is, however, but fair to say that it has been stated, on apparently good authority, that the race was not won so easily as the spectators imagined. The next race was the Dewhurst Plate, which brought out ten two-year-olds. Busybody, of whom we have had a good deal to say in recent articles, was the first favourite, and the filly by Hermit out of Adelaide was the second favourite. In the Middle Park Plate the Adelaide filly had given Busybody 7 lbs., and had received a three and a half lengths' beating; but now Busybody was to give the Adelaide filly 3 lbs., which put a very different complexion on matters. Harvester was also running; but his owner declared to win with Busybody. It was said that Harvester, as well as Busybody and the Adelaide filly, had been coughing, and consequently all three lay under suspicion of being below their best form. Fritz, who had been second for the only race in which he had previously taken part, was backed at 10 to 1, and Talisman, who had run very forward in several races, also had his supporters at the same odds. Both these colts were unpenalized. There was a good start, and Talisman made the running. When they came down the Bushes Hill into the Dip, the Adelaide filly took the lead, and Talisman fell into the back-ground, but Fritz and Busybody came to the front. Fritz then went up to the Adelaide filly, but the effort was too much for him, and he lost his forward position in a few strides. Archer then made a rush with Busybody, who raced up the hill gallantly and gained rapidly on the Adelaide filly; but the latter was not quite caught at the winning-post, and she secured the race, after a very fine struggle, by a neck. As the Adelaide filly was the most expensive yearling ever purchased, it is right that she should win some races. Assuming that Busybody and the Adelaide filly were quite themselves in the races for the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, their running at the weights would appear to make them out to be pretty equal. If the backers had been singularly unlucky in the four opening races of the day, they surpassed themselves in the two-year-old plate that followed the Dewhurst Plate, for they backed three horses very freely at short prices, whereas the race was won by an outsider called Tortoiseshell, against whom 25 to 1 had been laid—an exceptionally long price in a field of only nine horses. The last race of the day, the Home-Bred Sweepstakes, was won in a canter by Lord Strathnairn, whose only opponent was Trombone.

Lord Strathnairn ran again in the first race of the following day—namely, the Troy Stakes—and again he had only one opponent; but, instead of odds being laid on him, as on the previous evening, odds were now laid against him. The favourite was the Duke of Westminster's smart filly Sandiway, who waited at Lord Strathnairn's quarters until entering the cords, and then came away and won very easily by a length. In the Cri-

terion Nursery Stakes on the Tuesday General Owen Williams's Fitzfulke and Lord Alington's Junket had run a dead heat for second place, and their owners made a match between them for the Thursday, with Fordham and Archer as jockeys. Fordham made the running with Fitzfulke, while Archer waited on him with Junket; towards the end of the race Archer challenged, but Fordham just managed to hold his own to the winning-post, and after a very fine race won by a neck. Odds had been laid on the loser. After his performance twenty-four hours previously, bookmakers were not inclined to lay 25 to 1 again against Tortoiseshell, when he came out for the Feather Plate. He started first favourite and won, but he was nearly beaten in his turn by an outsider, as he only won by a head from Revelry, after a very hardly-earned race. Cherry was made first favourite for the Cheveley Stakes, although she had never run in public before. She had been a late foal, which might be enough to account for her having been kept so long in private. She won the race in a common canter, and Knight Errant, as usual, ran second, but he was half a dozen lengths behind the winner, to whom he was giving more than a stone. Sandiway, who, as we have already noticed, had won a race earlier in the afternoon, started second favourite; but she, like Knight Errant, was giving the winner 15 lbs., and in all probability she had scarcely recovered from her gallop in the Troy Stakes. A field of eighteen two-year-olds ran for the Bretby Nursery Plate, and backers were clever enough to pick out the winner in Fantail, who, under Archer's management, won in a canter. The last race of the day was the Free Handicap Sweepstakes, the weights for which are published before the Derby. At the time of the publication of the weights this handicap is exceedingly interesting and instructive, but the actual race is seldom very exciting, and on the late occasion only Hamako, Wild Arab, and Rookery ran for it. They finished in the above order, which had been exactly foretold by the state of the betting.

The principal race of the last day of the meeting was the Jockey Club Cup, which is run over the Cesarewitch course. As much as 5 to 2 was laid on Corrie Roy, and these odds did not appear to be extravagant. Against Ladislav 9 to 2 was laid, but on his recent form he scarcely seemed to deserve to be so good a second favourite; 10 to 1 was laid against Dutch Oven, and 14 to 1 against Faugh-a-Ballagh. Over the long piece of course, more than a mile in length, that leads up to the Gap, the field was very scattered. First came Faugh-a-Ballagh, eight lengths in front of Ladislav, Corrie Roy followed; half a dozen lengths behind Ladislav, and at about the same distance from Corrie Roy, Dutch Oven brought up the rear. As they came across the flat the four horses began to close up; Faugh-a-Ballagh kept the lead as far as the Bushes, but Corrie Roy then took the lead and went into the Dip about a length in advance of Ladislav. From the Abingdon Bottom to the winning-post Ladislav gradually but steadily gained upon Corrie Roy. Wood was riding the latter and Fordham the former, and each jockey had need of all his skill. Corrie Roy had the best of it almost to the end; but she changed her legs in the last three or four strides, a movement which gave Ladislav time to get up to her, and win by a head. Fordham's riding was allowed by every fair witness of the race to be perfection. Tristan appeared once more in public; but it was only to walk over for the last race of the meeting. His retirement has often been threatened; but, if this was really his last appearance under a silk jacket, it is satisfactory that it should have been as a winner, and not as a loser.

REVIEWS.

THE FIFTH REPORT OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE.*

IN the days when the Civil Servants of the East India Company, uneducated and untutored, were supposed to acquire a knowledge of their duties by simply enduring the damp air of Bengal or the hot winds of the Upper Provinces, and when there were no examinations in procedure, substantive law, and vernacular languages, young men were strongly recommended to study the famous "Fifth Report." It was originally published in 1812 by the Committee which sat before the renewal of the charter in 1813, and which had published four *ad interim* Reports on the same subject. The fifth and last document stands in a higher relation to its predecessors than the Second Philippic or than the Tenth Satire to the other works of Cicero and Juvenal. Originally drafted by the late Mr. Cumming who filled a high appointment at the Board of Control, with the aid of Sir Thomas Munro, it contained, in addition, some most valuable Reports and Minutes written by statesmen and administrators trained to write in India as public men are to speak in England. As far back as 1866 it was only procurable in a public library, in the offices of the Calcutta secretariat, or, by rare luck, at the sale of the effects of some elderly civilian or lawyer. It was then reprinted by a well-known Madras firm. But these were by no means the last words of Higginbotham. And the present work is a reprint of that of 1866, with some additional papers of no inconsiderable merit, correcting hasty opinions, modifying cherished theories, and bringing

* The Fifth Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Affairs of the East India Company. 2 vols. London. 1812. Madras: Higginbotham & Co. 1883.

the revenue history of one part of India down to the year 1830. The study of these volumes presupposes a reasonable acquaintance with the most prominent facts of the wars and conquests of the last century, but the reader must not imagine that he will thereby gain any knowledge of the land revenue of Bombay, of the North-West Provinces, or of any outlying territories comprised under the term Non-Regulation. The great controversy on village communities, tenant right, and minute surveys of fields did not arise till afterwards. The Report is taken up mainly with the origin and establishment of the Zemindary systems in Bengal and partly in Madras, and of the Ryotwarry Settlement of this latter Presidency. As a text-book on these subjects it is invaluable. No one can really understand what a Zemindar originally was, what he claims to be, and what we have made him, without a study of Shore's Minutes, or how a paternal Government can easily collect its dues from millions of Ryots without reference to the Report of Munro. They were the production of men whose information had been acquired, digested, and stored by the closest study of native manners and habits, and whose success in life was due to force and individuality of character quite as much as to mere intellectual ability. And besides the two large topics mentioned above, the Report contains much that is neither obsolete nor historical in the Radical sense, nor unfitted for the consideration of the most confident theorist and the most advanced intellects of the present day. It abounds, we can affirm, with just and accurate estimates of the Oriental character, its failings, proclivities, and capacities; with minute and intricate details on which alone can general conclusions be cautiously based; with curious statistics of crime, of revenue, and of population; with suggestions displaying a clear insight into the principles of governing aliens, and with prophecies, by no means incorrect, as to the dangers and difficulties which we should encounter in our progress from barbarism to civilization; with axioms the result of obstinate facts and unpleasant experiences; and with maxims which are fully as imperative, as salutary, as politically true, in the days of Lord Ripon as they ever were in those of Hastings, Cornwallis, Bentinck, or Dalhousie and Canning.

The value of the work is further enhanced by a glossary of native terms arranged by the late Sir Charles Wilkins. Sanskrit scholars are familiar with his grammar of that language which had to make room for one by the late H. H. Wilson, which, in its turn, was displaced by the more concise and simple work of the present Boden Professor, if simplicity and conciseness can be applied to any such work. It would have been better had Messrs. Higginbotham entrusted their two volumes to the revision of two men versed respectively in the Revenue terms of Bengal and Madras. Notes of explanation, in spite of the glossary, are wanting in many places. Misprints are not infrequent. Some of the spelling is antiquated and, like Petruccio's stirraps, of no kindred; and here and there an hiatus in the original might easily have been supplied. Even a crack collector under the Agra Government might be excused if he thought that the term *Shamogue* meant something Irish, instead of one who enjoys a share with another or an accountant; and we should not like to see a Bengal Commissioner or a learned member of the Revenue Board at Calcutta or Allahabad called on offhand to expound such tenures as Puttookut, to say nothing of *Vellalas*, *Yervandas*, and *Poodoogoodies*.

The remainder of our review of a very wide field must be devoted to the Zemindar and the Ryot, and to the two systems derived respectively from these titles. There were times in which Anglo-Indians could write if they could not debate. Shore's greatest Minute on the Bengal Settlement extends to 562 paragraphs, and fills, with schedules, nearly one hundred pages of close print. Mr. James Grant's Report on the Finances of Bengal, from the Moghul times downwards, is little short of 300 pages, and would make a neat volume by itself. Though full of curious facts, Mr. Grant's Report is verbose, his recommendations are perilous, and his conclusions not always sound. Lord Cornwallis writes like an English statesman and splinters lances very fairly with Mr. Shore. And from their encounter, as well as from the echo of this subject from Madras, it is not difficult to establish certain propositions which will command the assent of all except those who regard the Bengal Zemindar as the most beneficent and the Bengal Ryot as the most perfidious and ungrateful of mankind. Some of the differences of opinion as to the original character of the Zemindars before and after the days of Clive and Hastings may be easily explained by the simple fact that the revenue was collected by the Moghul and by the Company from two kinds of Zemindars. There were hereditary Rajas or Lords of Pergunnahs and Chacklas, and there were men appointed to collect the revenue, who were quite properly termed farmers. To the former class belonged the great houses of Nattore, Burdwan, Nuddea and Bishenpore in Bengal proper, and the Rajas of Tirhoot, Shahabad, and Tikari in Behar. They were there long before Akbar's lieutenants ruled Bengal, and from their influence and position they were the only persons fitted to collect the land-tax over immense areas. Where such were non-existent, any native of talent, or self-assertion, or ingenuity might bid for the place. Or, if the original Zemindar refused the responsibility, he was set aside with an allowance of ten per cent. for subsistence, and the highest or best bidder took his place. In the *Lives of the Lindseys* we find that the Hon. Robert Lindsay, a young and able Civil Servant, bid for the district of Sylhet, where the farmer, "a black man," one Gunga Govindo, had defaulted, and Lindsay obtained the settlement very much against the wishes of a pottering Provincial Council at Dacca, and very much to his own legitimate profit. But whether

the Zemindars, with whom we made temporary or five years' settlements between 1765 and 1793, were Rajas as old as the Mohamadan houses of Ghori and Lodi, or were mere speculators, here to-day and defaulters to-morrow, there is not the slightest doubt that at that later date they never were made owners or proprietors in the English sense. The Committee's Report expressly records that "recent inquiries had not established the Zemindar on the footing of the owner of a landed estate in Europe, who may lease out portions and employ and dismiss labourers at pleasure, but, on the contrary, had exhibited, from him down to the actual cultivator, other inferior landholders, styled Talukdars, and cultivators of different descriptions." Lord Cornwallis himself had no doubt on the subject. And no Bengal official, from Shore to the members of Sir A. Eden's recent Commission, entitled to any hearing, has ever held a different theory for a moment. It is quite true that some partisans, relying on the terms "proprietors of land" and "estates" and "landlords," to be found scattered about in the minutes and statutes of those times, have ingeniously striven to set the Zemindar in the position of an English squire. But such loose expressions are explained away by other parts of the same statutes and cannot be reconciled with the universal practice and the common law of the whole of Bengal. Nor can anything be more indisputable than the guarantee in the laws of 1793 of inferior proprietorship and of tenant-right, or than the reservation to Government of the power to interfere at any moment with new laws and tribunals if it became necessary to compel Zemindars to do what an over-generous estimate of their character had led Lord Cornwallis and a few others to think they would do of themselves. Shore, who knew more about the land than any man, was very averse to a Settlement in perpetuity, and argued that one for ten years would afford time for investigation, for the correction of abuses, and for reasonable agricultural improvement. Lord Cornwallis, amongst other reasons, held that without a permanent assessment we should have neither good laws nor good administration; and his views were accepted by the Court. It seems strange that no daysman should have stepped in between the two combatants, and have suggested a term of thirty years, afterwards adopted with so much prudence and success in the North-West Provinces and other parts of India. It is instructive, at this distance of time, to read the confident prophecies of the benefits which, logically and almost mathematically, were so sure to follow on a Permanent Settlement of the Revenue. Madras caught the contagion. There Collectors and Boards would not hear of settlements with individual Ryots, or even with head-men to be responsible each for the revenue of a single village; but they were all for hunting out Zemindars on the Bengal model, or if such could not be found, for creating them under the title of *Moolahdars*. It was argued that frequent variations of the assessment disgusted the people and perplexed the Government; that long leases were only palliatives; that energy, confidence, and a sense of ownership were produced only by permanence of land taxation; that in other countries increase of population and agricultural improvement invariably followed where private rights were freed from public control and restriction; that large proprietors must have a deeper interest in the development of their estates and in the well-being of their tenants than can possibly be shown by the most philanthropic of Governments; that Ryots would be more likely to be oppressed by the officers of Government than by the agents of the Zemindar; that any abuses could easily be checked by the Executive arm and the perpetrators punished; that commerce and manufactures would flourish, and that the establishment of a respectable body of landholders would "introduce that just gradation of rank essential to the very existence and prosperity of every well-ordered society." To see how far these confident expectations have been justified, we have only to read a few pages of the Rent Commissions' Blue-book, or a speech or two on the introduction of the new Rent Code for Bengal. But fortunately Madras had not to wait for the collapse of the Bengal millennium. Some of the Madras prophets lived to reconsider their opinions. And by others, in the very beginning of this century, doubts were felt whether an Oriental Raja or Zemindar had in him the elements of a model landlord and father of his people. Lord William Bentinck, who manifested at Madras that genuine interest in the native community which twenty years afterwards he was to display at Calcutta as Governor-General, was decidedly of opinion that it was inadvisable to create Zemindars where they did not exist; and his views received timely support from the writings of Mr. William Thackeray—not to be confounded with another civilian, the father of the novelist—and from the Ryotwarry Settlements carried out successfully by Thomas Munro. Still, a good deal had been effected in the way of bolstering up Zemindars in Madras before this change of opinion. The five northern districts of Masulipatam, Rajahmundry, Guntur, Vizagapatam, and Ganjam; one-third of each of the districts of Salem and of Chingleput; some portions of Madras, and certain areas called Pollams, held by a troublesome set of men, the Polygars, and scattered over districts north, west, and south of Madras; and some of the divisions of North Arcot, were settled in perpetuity. Fifty years ago it was calculated that the above territories in the Madras Presidency contained a population of four millions, and paid a revenue not very far short of one million sterling.

Other parts under the same Government were treated on a very different principle. No one can doubt that it seems easier to settle for the revenue with a big Talukdar or Zemindar, than with a village community paying through its head-men,

and more easy still to deal with these latter than with thousands of individual Ryots. Indeed, we might at first sight think it hopeless for an English Collector, with a couple of deputies or Sub-collectors like himself, to effect so complicated and detailed an arrangement over a whole district and in a climate like that of the Madras Presidency, where a very short period of the year is suited to field survey and a camp life. And divers attempts were made to introduce a modification of the Ryot system into Madras, and to farm villages to chief cultivators for three years or one year, taking care, at the same time, to ascertain and fix the rights of the Mirasidars, who correspond to the *Jotedar* of Bengal and the *Khodkasht* and *Kadimi* Ryots of Upper India. But by this time the Court of Directors had become alarmed. They abhorred settlements in perpetuity and they doubted about triennial leases. And Munro came to their aid, showing that a Ryotwarry or individual assessment was perfectly feasible in the hands of Englishmen who knew their business. We inherited it, he said, from the native Governments. Districts were divided into villages, under the management of Potails or Patels, who from long training could induce the Ryots to come to terms. The Ryots themselves were in the habit of meeting at the Pagoda, or some other public place, to ascertain the quantity of each man's stock and land and his proper share of the public burden. A district paying 50,000 pagodas, or more than three times that amount of rupees, may contain one hundred villages. Each village has a complete establishment of hereditary revenue servants to keep the accounts and to collect the rents. With the Potali to manage the Ryots and a native *Tahsildar* to check the Potali, settle disputes, and ascertain the land actually taken up for cultivation, the English Collector finds the work ready to his hand. He starts with his tents when the early crops are being reaped and the late crops are still on the ground, and settles matters in an easy, patriarchal, and popular fashion. If new land is taken up for cultivation, a proper amount of revenue is gradually assessed. If land is thrown up, owing to death, emigration, or loss of cattle, a due allowance is made. In all this the great elements of success are publicity, inspection, and a firm control of native agents. Munro contended that a settlement could be concluded in this fashion by an Englishman and two subordinates in each large district in some six weeks. And when a district has once been surveyed and the rents fixed, the subsequent annual inquiry is much simplified. It becomes a mere matter of more or less land cultivated or thrown up. In Madras parlance this is termed the *Kuhcar* Settlement. And there is no doubt that since Munro led the way, the Civil Servants of the Madras Presidency have, in each generation, shown themselves fully equal to the task of concluding annual engagements with hundreds of thousands of Ryots, engaging some for five acres and others for fifteen hundred, without mismanagement, without heavy arrears of collection, and without other evil consequences. All this presumes a state of things not violently disturbed by war, inundation, famine, or epidemics. It also assumes that no political crisis will occur at which the influence of some Raja or Zemindar, having much to lose and little to gain from a change of masters, may be relied on to counteract rebellion and anarchy. But there is no doubt that in ordinary times a Ryotwarry Settlement creates contentment; assures to small proprietors and capitalists the fruits of their labour; favours irrigation, the use of manure, and good husbandry generally; has not led to irrecoverable balances, and has not overwhelmed the Englishman with a multiplicity of work which he cannot do himself or trust others to do for him. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the fulness and earnestness, the mastery of facts, and the wealth of incident and illustration, with which these different systems are criticized or supported in these two volumes. Advocates of any three or four systems of settlement and collection may learn from them forbearance and moderation in dealing with their opponents; and men of every school, with the present tendency towards rash experiment and impossible equality, should lay to heart a very golden rule propounded by one of those fine old Company's servants. "It is difficult," he says, "to foresee what may happen in the course of a few years, and it is our interest to retain in our own hands as much power and influence as is consistent with the preservation of the rights of the people at large. Our first object is to govern India; and then to govern it well."

FAIR AND FREE.*

MR. LAURIER, the hero of *Fair and Free*, and in due course the husband of its heroine, is a barrister, a man of parts, and a misogynist. He is "in height some five feet eight," and "of an attractive and essentially intellectual presence." Moreover, he is "handsome beyond dispute, with the handsomeness of almost perfect proportions of feature and lineament"; for he has "one of those severe and powerful faces whose contours strike a beholder with an impression of straight lines and rectilinear angles"—like a diagram in Euclid. To this wonderful essay in natural mathematics, "the unpyling lines of lips chiselled sharply and resolutely closed, and the lustre of commanding eyes, in colour nearly black and shaded beneath strong brows," impart "an air of resolve" which it is "impossible not to admire," but which it is "perhaps prudent to distrust." In addition to all this, Mr. Laurier's hair, "like his eyes," is said to "border on black," a "short black

moustache covers his upper lip," and—here the author becomes a trifle lyrical in expression—

A steel gray shade his shaven lips and chin.

His "figure" is "justly made," he "carries himself" with "a certain masculine grace," and though, when we come on him first—in "the *salle à manger* of the Grand Hôtel du Louvre"—his costume is "a little dandified for a tourist," his manner is "marked by an absence of affectation." After abusing the fair sex to an accompaniment of *café au lait* and buttered rolls, this great creature strolls into the Louvre, and sits down before the "armless queen of Cnidos and Paphos," seen for the first time since "Felix Ravaisson had restored her to her ancient pose, thereby giving the goddess back a double measure of her dignity." He is much impressed by her; in fact, he goes so far as to indulge in "a tornado of thoughts, amid a consciousness of a dominating calm." From this uncommon amusement he desists to miscall the goddess to an elderly Frenchman, with features "pinched and meagre," but "not without softness, and a certain perfection, so to speak, of mellowed age." The elderly Frenchman (who is a kind of monomaniac, who is, in fact, an Adept in the Armless One, as Ouida would say) implores him to hold his tongue, quotes Lucretius to him—

Omnibus incutens blandum per pectora amorem—

and threatens him with her vengeance. Laurier is "intensely amused"; and the old man leaves him in disgust. After this he "strolls across the quay to the light Pont des Arts," leans over the parapet, watches the busy throng, and remarks to himself, in good iambic verse, "And thus to labour is to be, and all the rest, to Dream"—a remark from which it is evident that Mr. Laurier is fated, if we may ascend to the use of metaphor, to "catch it hot," and at no distant date to be more miserably in love than can be expressed in words.

The object of his attachment is of course the heroine, the "Fair and Free" young gentlewoman of the title. Her name is Marcella Cassily. She is "a somewhat tall brunette," in whom "the first thing to strike a beholder" is the "supple comely strength of a finely proportioned form"—"a phase of feminine beauty," the author explains, to which, on the occasion of her first appearance, "a striking force" was imparted by a "tight, low dress that followed the lines of her figure, and displayed the grace of her shoulders and bust" and the "whole faultlessness" (whatever that may be) of her arms. Her face is "in no way inferior." It is a "grand pensive face, more commanding perhaps than attractive," but with "features firmly and finely designed"; with "a regular forehead"—what is a "regular" forehead, by the way?—"over which her dusky brown hair comes low in a heavy fringe"; with "glorious dark-gray eyes, whose limpid regard" (here, quite unintentionally, the author "drops into poetry" once more)

Seemed to command to speak her sense and truth;

and with "an impassioned, passionate mouth, whose lines by some witchery blended pride with almost luxurious softness." There is nothing of the Young Person about her, except that she has "hair of remarkable fineness . . . which seemed to indicate her as one of those women who might have been blondes and are not." She is advanced in the twenties; she has refused a number of eligible offers; she carries an ivory fan "which many people would have kept under glass"; she is capable of ordering dinner for herself, of taking an hour and a half to the meal, and afterwards of retiring to her magnificent library and reading the *Vita Nuova* for the first time. She is a free and independent hedonist; she loves pleasure, and she confesses her love; a favourite book with her is the *Émaux et Camées* of the late Théophile Gautier. Whether she is or is not acquainted with that great writer's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* is not clear. The chances are, however, that she is; for she has been admirably educated, is altogether superior to prejudice, and, as we have seen, is an ardent admirer of the *Émaux et Camées*. In the matter of men she is difficult to please. She thus delivers herself to her mother on the subject—partly in prose and partly in verse, as is her author's wont:—

"I should like the man I loved to be in some things like me,

Unlike in many more, that we might have

Some thoughts in common,

and others to barter with each other: stronger than I, to protect me: more passionate, to need me: cleverer, to lead me: neither too kind and patient,

Nor rough and thoughtless of my needs:

And, above all things, just.

I would wish him ambitious,

Though I have read such men love less.

That wit, handsomeness, and address have no charms for me I do not pretend.

I need not say that he

Must be a gentleman; that and some other things

Are matters of course:

not a noble, I am not sufficiently well born to mate equally with him; nor a man whose fortune is excessively unequal to my own."

From all of which it is plain that Laurier has but to come upon her with that "impression of straight lines and rectilinear angles" of which we know to bring her to her knees in the twinkling of an eye.

And, in fact, this is exactly what happens. Marcella and Laurier meet at a country house. There they become interested in each other; they hold argument together, "of fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," or things of that sort; and Laurier gives proof of a talent not common among members of the English

* *Fair and Free*. By the Author of "A Modern Greek Heroine." 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

bar by reading her the "Affinités Secrètes" from her favourite book, quite "exquisitely, both as respected his French pronunciation and the feeling the words demanded." It follows that they are very soon in love with each other. Laurier, however, is like all clever and passionate heroes, in that he is, in respect of matters of the heart, a complete and perfect idiot. He sees Marcella kiss her cousin Charley Curteis; he concludes at once that they two are engaged; he suppresses his feelings in the most gentlemanly manner, as is the habit of his ridiculous kind; and he departs for London unconfessed and unshriven. Marcella, hedonist as she is, can hardly propose to her blockhead, and for a time they are excessively miserable. Then at last the gentleman discovers that this is more than he can bear. He gets a horse, he follows the lady to Richmond Park, he watches her through an opera-glass, he lies in wait for her at a convenient corner, and bounding out upon her in the midst of her gallop, he reveals his sweet secret. To his amazement he discovers that his feelings are reciprocated; "the unreasonableness of the last few months floated before him as some incredible myth"; his "happiness to have won her" is "a thing more known than felt"; and all the rest of it. Of course the pair are married at once. As Marcella is rich, they begin housekeeping at West Kensington in an abode that is a dream of comfort and aesthetics. There strange and inhuman things begin to happen. Laurier's friend Keppel, the most high-minded and intellectual of men, sees fit to wonder whether Laurier would object to admitting him to a share in his happiness. By a chapter of accidents not wholly unconnected with lies, impudence, and impossible behaviour on everybody's part, Marcella is suspected of what may be called practical hedonism with her married cousin, persuaded to believe that her husband has learned to despise her, and seduced into considering the abominable proposals of Keppel with considerable attention from a practical point of view. Such thoughts pass through her "handsome head" as "make her sinews and limbs tremble"; "such phantoms of sin, such storms of suggestion, such whirlwinds of devastation" sweep over her soul, "that she knows nothing but her maddening, rankling wrong"; her expression grows "terrible in its awful pain, terrible in its awful recklessness"; and in this frame of mind she pens to Keppel the most hedonistic of all possible letters. How it all ends; how all these caricatures of humanity are marshalled at the fall of the curtain, it would be hardly fair to tell; and beyond hinting that in the last pages of the book Marcella and Laurier are discovered sitting "rather close together for people married more than a year" on the ottoman before the drawing-room fire, our lips are sealed.

The best parts of the book are those that treat of the loves of Theo Stryne and Charley Curteis. These are happy in conception and fresh, vigorous, and unaffected in execution. Almost on a level with them may be placed the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Curteis, their daughter Florelle, and Mrs. Cassils, Marcella's mother, which are all of them unpretentious and all of them good. For the rest, it must be admitted that in *Fair and Free* there is a great deal of cleverness. The author's prose, however, is in some sort a counterpart of her talent. It is, as we have seen, ambitious and elaborate; and it is, as we have seen, not always prose. In the same way, the talent is earnest and deliberate and full of good intentions; but it is apt to blunder and fail, and to be merely exaggerated and abnormal instead of natural and human. In its loftiest flights, as expressed in Marcella and Laurier and the impossible blackguard Keppel, it is almost always strained and excessive, and it is very often ridiculous. In its lowlier moods, as expressed in Theo Stryne and the Curteises, it is almost always successful, and it is very often enjoyable in no mean degree. The moral of all this would seem to be that *Fair and Free* would have been a good deal better reading and a good deal better art had its intention been less ambitious, and its significance less profound—had the heroine, in fact, been not Marcella Cassils, but Theo Stryne.

THE SECRET OF THE ALABAMA.*

WE have read Captain Bulloch's memoirs with profound interest; we fear that that interest will be confined to a limited circle of readers. The good sense and good faith which restrained him from publishing at an earlier period the narrative of his secret services to the Confederate Government, of the few successful and many unsuccessful efforts made to fit out Confederate cruisers or men-of-war in European dockyards, are equally intelligible and honourable to him, but they are, we fear, fatal to the popularity of his work. Had it appeared at any time prior to the decision of the Geneva arbiters, it would have been studied with eager attention by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of English politicians anxious to understand the exact truth of the story, the exact strength and weakness of their country's case. Now its publication can injure no one, can benefit no one, and its interest is purely historical. Unfortunately, the issue of the American Civil War was so decisive, the questions on which the attention of the great majority of European observers was concentrated are so completely dead and buried, that that, which for our posterity will be perhaps the most thrilling and exciting episode

in the history of the nineteenth century, is almost forgotten by the generation which watched the progress of the struggle with breathless attention and passionate sympathy for one side or the other. As regards his English proceedings, Captain Bulloch has little to tell us which is absolutely new, little which was not known to careful inquirers at the time or shortly afterwards. On all points but one his arguments are conclusive, his facts unquestionable; but that one is unluckily the critical point upon which the claims of the United States and the policy of the British Government really turned. It is somewhat strange that an official so experienced, a statesman so thoughtful, an historian so temperate and candid, should have lost sight of the very lesson taught by his own achievements—the vital difference between a ship fit for warlike purposes, if not armed, and a cargo of guns or rifles. The latter cannot, the former can, be rendered effective for belligerent purposes without being brought into belligerent ports; and therefore the ship approaches, as the military cargo can never approach, to the character of a hostile expedition having its real basis on neutral territory. This, however, was not the view of jurists or statesmen at the time when the *Florida* and *Alabama* were built and sent out. The courts decided, Ministers declared, that an unarmed ship, though built evidently for warlike and not commercial objects, was a legitimate article of commerce. There can be no doubt that this was the view on which nearly all nations, and the United States above all, had acted down to that time. During the Revolutionary War the United States fitted out privateers in French ports, manned them there, and sent them to cruise against British commerce without ever having entered an American port. At a later period the American Government permitted the unrecognized South American States at war with Spain and Portugal to make similar use of its Atlantic ports. But the American Civil War first afforded the example of a blockaded State fitting out cruisers exclusively in foreign countries, and waging from neutral waters a war utterly destructive of its antagonist's maritime commerce. It is creditable to the English Government that, in spite of Mr. Seward's outrageous discourtesies and monstrous pretensions—despite his ridiculous repetition of a claim on which his own Government dared not act, to regard Confederate cruisers as pirates, despite his unmannerly diplomatic language—it perceived at once the injustice, the inconsistency with the principles of international law, of a rule under which such a result was possible. According to American precedents we were not bound to prevent the fitting out and arming of privateers. According to the view accepted at first, and justified by clear rules of international law and practice, British subjects were entitled to sell unarmed ships and arms to the Confederate Government, provided that the two were not combined within British jurisdiction, so as to furnish forth a warlike expedition. But the idea underlying the rule was, that ships and arms should be sent to the port of the purchasing Power, and there alone combined. When it was found that a ship of war could leave Liverpool unarmed, that a tender with arms and crew could sail from Hartlepool, and that the former could receive her guns, her ammunition, her coals, in some place practically beyond civilized jurisdiction, it became evident that England, if no one English port, was made the real basis of a naval operation, the starting-point of a belligerent expedition; and that if no fixed principle of law, yet unquestionably that which ought to be the law of nations, was thereby violated. This is, in great measure, the explanation of that inconsistency, that straining of municipal law, with which Captain Bulloch naturally reproaches Lord Russell and the then Government of Great Britain. He makes it quite clear that he and his English builders and assistants violated no English statute, no accepted code of public law. He shows that he was deceived and baffled by the manner in which Lord Russell and all English authorities laid down general principles from which they afterwards departed; but he fails to perceive that his own successes demonstrated the insufficiency of the existing rules, and thereby justified a course which was substantially neutral, if it operated very harshly against the Confederate States. The conduct of the British Government was just and politic; but unquestionably, so far as law was strained or strict neutrality departed from, favour was shown not to the Confederacy but to the Union.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the narrative, certainly the most curious, is that which relates to the conduct of the French Government. Mr. Seward had the audacity and ingenuity to quote the example of France against us at Geneva; but he must have been well aware that only when the Confederacy was tottering to its fall was the neutrality of France half as strict as that of England. The French law against foreign enlistment and equipment of ships for foreign Powers was far stricter than our own; but the Imperial Government was not tied hand and foot by the letter of the law. When it was found that the rams built by Messrs. Laird would be arrested, they were transferred to a French firm, on the promise of the French Government that they should be claimed on its behalf. At the same time, with the express though secret permission of the Emperor himself, a French ship-building firm—about the only one capable of such an operation—was building corvettes and ironclads for the Confederate Government. Unluckily for the latter, these ships did not approach completion till after the loss of the Mississippi and the defeat at Gettysburg had rendered the chances of the Confederacy practically hopeless; and the Emperor absolutely withdrew his promise. No one will now contend that either France or England should have permitted ironclad rams, capable, without a gun and almost

* *The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe; or, How the Confederate Cruisers were Equipped.* By James D. Bulloch, Naval Representative of the Confederate States in Europe during the Civil War. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

without an effective crew, of sinking nine in ten of the armed blockading vessels, to go forth even to a Confederate port. But so long as there was a chance that England might be induced to join in the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, France was prepared, as England never was, to allow these dangerous weapons of war, armed with cannon as well as with their formidable beaks, to sail openly from her ports. Captain Bulloch bears emphatic testimony to the good faith of all, both Englishmen and Frenchmen, whom he employed. Surrounded and harassed by Federal spies, constantly accused by the affidavits of hired witnesses, whom Mr. Adams ought to have known, as the English Government did know, to be proven if not convicted perjurers, the Confederate naval agent was never betrayed, save by one countryman of his own. English captains, shipbuilders, intermediaries kept faith with him, fulfilled their contracts, executed their orders, often at great personal peril, when they might have made a large profit, in some cases a fortune, by betraying their employer. The Confederate cause, as matter of fact, commanded an enthusiastic loyalty, both from Southerners and foreign sympathizers, very different from that of the Pennsylvanian and other Northern troops, who, on more than one occasion, marched away from the field of battle to the music of the enemy's guns, on the plea that their term of enlistment had expired.

Another very interesting and very important passage relates to the probable achievements of *Alabama*—to use a name which Captain Semmes's exploits have made generic—in future maritime wars. Captain Bulloch is decidedly of opinion that we overrate the danger to our own commerce; that many of our merchantmen, and especially our mail steamers, could beat off this class of enemies. He is assuredly right in holding that no English Minister in charge of the Admiralty would show the utter want of tact and judgment displayed by Mr. Gideon Welles. The points at which the *Alabama* effected the greatest havoc were to ocean-going merchant-vessels what Crewe or St. Louis are to the railway systems respectively of England and America—narrow channels through which the whole traffic of certain lines must pass, at which two or more distinct lines met. A couple of swift cruisers like the *Kearsarge* placed at each of these points would have paralysed the operations of the *Florida* and the *Alabama*; two more sent to protect the great Pacific whaling fleet would have rendered the cruise of the *Shenandoah* utterly profitless. These facts were known beforehand to Captain Bulloch and the commanders of the cruisers he equipped; and they must have been equally well-known in the Navy Office at Washington. The excuse preferred is absolutely worthless. The enormous resources at his command would have enabled Mr. Welles to place a dozen cruisers at the requisite points without interrupting for a moment or weakening in any perceptible degree the blockade of the Southern ports, or the operations of Farragut, Porter, and Dahlgren. With the single exception of the *Kearsarge*, the Federal cruisers were in no hurry, it would seem, to encounter their rivals on the open sea. Captain Collins, instead of "assassinating" the *Florida* in a neutral harbour in direct violation of a solemn and special promise, might have caught her a few miles outside and destroyed her in fair fight. And this was not the sole occasion on which Federal vessels of superior strength avoided an opportunity of action with the vessels sent forth by Captain Bulloch. No such slackness is to be expected from English commanders, no such ignorance or neglect of critical points from the English Admiralty.

Space will not permit us to do anything like justice to the narrative part of Captain Bulloch's work, thoroughly readable and often exciting or amusing as it is. It is full of historical and of personal interest, and contains not a little information at once curious and valuable. The temper in which it is told, the clearness and vigour of the style, the good sense, accuracy, and truthfulness, the anxiety to be just to adversaries and generous to friends, displayed on every page, deserve the highest praise. We conclude a necessarily inadequate notice by quoting certain passages to which a recent memorable denial has given a special interest and historical importance; which, taken in conjunction with that denial, throw a characteristic light upon one of the strangest features of recent English statesmanship. Mr. Gladstone said on October 7, 1862:—"Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy, and they have made what is more than either—they have made a nation. . . . We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States, so far as regards their separation from the North." And again, on June 30, 1863:—"We do not believe that the restoration of the American Union by force is attainable. I believe that the public opinion of this country is unanimous upon that subject—well, almost unanimous. . . . I believe that the public opinion of this country bears very strongly on another matter upon which we have heard much, namely, whether the emancipation of the negro race is an object that can be legitimately pursued by means of coercion and bloodshed. I do not believe that a more fatal error was ever committed than when men . . . came to the conclusion that the emancipation of the negro race was to be sought although they could only travel to it by a sea of blood. I do not think there is any real or serious ground for doubt as to the issue of this contest"—namely, the victory of the South.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

THE Society seems to take every year a wider and wider view of what is to be considered "Christian knowledge." It will soon come to think that all knowledge is Christian which is not directly opposed to Christianity. Of course the general public has no reason to object. The Society can afford not only to give the best price to authors, but also to give the reader the advantage of extreme cheapness. It is no business of the reader's what price the author gets; but it is a fact worth mentioning, especially in the face of the complaints at present so universal among authors. The authors employed by the Society are well paid, the books are issued at the very lowest possible price, and yet the profits of the publishing business, which used to form a very precarious source of income—if not indeed in some years of positive loss—are mounting up year by year, and, according to the latest report, come to very near 7,000*l.* for the current year, and add very substantially to the general funds. The books before us this year are of the most varied character. Sober, perhaps in some cases dry, history; novels written by no means after a French model; art of several kinds; science, including philology; even nursery picture-books are among them; and the chief difficulty of the reviewer is to select the works best worth notice. A great many of the stories are by authors already well known as yearly contributors to this class of literature, and it will be best perhaps for our present purpose to mention first those books which seem on the whole to present new features, or to mark a new departure in the literature of Christian knowledge. Foremost among these is a large volume of *Pictorial Architecture of the British Isles*. The letterpress is by the Rev. H. H. Bishop, and shows a wide-minded appreciation of the beautiful in architecture, with, however, something more than a leaning towards Gothic. His criticism of St. Paul's, and a very curious suggestion that the present blind windows in the screen above the side aisles should be opened into galleries, are perhaps a little too bold. Mr. Bishop reiterates the old complaint that two stories appear on the outside and but one within; but, if this common criticism is worth anything, it proves too much, and applies to many admirable buildings as well as to St. Paul's. Gibbs's charming little church of St. Mary-le-Strand and Inigo Jones's Whitehall Chapel are examples of the same fault, if it be a fault. Among the illustrations is a very fine view of the dome from one of the round windows of the northern campanile, which bears the well-known initials of Mr. Brewer, and is well worthy of that artist. There are many other beautiful drawings, among which are several of the new Law Courts, and some particularly pleasing views of Hatfield, Burghley, and other domestic buildings; but the larger number of cuts represent examples of ecclesiastical architecture. Even the new Natural History Museum is made picturesque. On the whole, this is a very pretty and attractive book, and we might easily linger over it.

Science is chiefly represented by a little volume on *Optics*. It is from the pen of the Rev. T. W. Webb, and is a very successful attempt to treat the subject without the help of mathematics. The use of such attempts is doubtful, and Mr. Webb's chief difficulty is with those parts of his subject which with mathematics are the most easy of demonstration; and, as a matter of fact, many of the diagrams are really quite as purely mathematical as those of an ordinary Euclid. The pages which describe telescopes are a model of clearness and simplicity. Mr. Webb's style is familiar and interesting; and, on the whole, the impression left on the mind by his little book is, briefly, that it would have been all the better for the omitted mathematics, but is nevertheless very instructive and pleasant to read.

A very out-of-the-way subject is treated of by Mr. W. R. Morfill. His book is simply entitled *Slavonic Literature*. To many readers this will be the first intimation that there is such a thing in existence. In fact, as Mr. Morfill remarks, there is nothing in our language relating to this subject, except a book published in New York in 1850, which is now out of date. There is a Russian history of Slavonic literature which Mr. Morfill has found very useful. He has endeavoured to spell the proper names of those Slavonic nations which use the Cyrillic alphabet on a settled plan. At present, as he says, the same person is frequently found writing "Gortchakoff" and "Woronzow," though the termination is identical in both. The languages of which Mr. Morfill treats are those of Russia, Croatia, Carniola, Poland, Bohemia, Moravia, and other Slavonic countries. Considered as a family, these languages are all in a highly inflected state, with the exception of Bulgarian, which has lost almost all traces of the terminations which mark the seven cases and the genders. As in Latin, there is no article; but, under German influence, the demonstrative pronoun is sometimes used for it. In two of the dialects the dual is retained, but most of the Slavonic languages have lost it. Perhaps the most characteristic feature of these languages is the extraordinary development of the verb, which undergoes what Mr. Morfill terms a "number of aspects." What is but a casual modification in other languages is developed into a system in Slavonic, and minute shades of meaning are expressed to the despair of translators. There are two forms of alphabet, both derived more or less directly from the Greek, Hebrew and Persian letters being admitted to express sounds of which the Greek was incapable. The Cyrillic was invented, according to most authorities, by St. Cyril; and it used to be supposed that the Glagolitic alphabet was invented by no less a person than St. Jerome. Both

these ideas have of late been combatted, and the eminent Bohemian scholar Schafarik held that the Glagolitic alphabet was invented by Cyril, and the Cyrillic by Methodius. The two are certainly connected, and are derived, the Cyrillic from uncial Greek, and the Glagolitic from cursive. The Cyrillic is used in Russia, Servia, and Bulgaria, and the Glagolitic is now only employed by the Croats in their religious books, as we so long employed black-letter. We cannot go at greater length into the merits of this valuable book, which contains some most interesting specimens of Servian and Bulgarian ballads.

Mr. Kaufmann's *Socialism and Communism in their Practical Application* is another book of very serious purpose. It commences with a view of Roman civilized society at the time of the dawn of Christianity, and describes the Communism of the early Christians as a reaction against the selfishness of the wealthy upper classes. The second chapter treats of monastic life in the middle ages, and is followed by chapters on Pre-Reformation Socialisms, the Hussites, the Moravians, the Christian Republic at Paraguay, Communistic Societies in America, "Social Palaces," and "Colleges of Industry." Altogether this is likely to prove a very useful introduction to a difficult and little understood subject.

Under the heading *Heroes of Literature—English Poets*, Mr. John Dennis has contrived to boil down into a single volume biographical particulars, critical notices, and selected specimens of no fewer than thirty-seven different poets, from Spenser to Keble. The object of the book, which is, by the way, very entertaining, is "to give brief biographies of illustrious English poets, and such a sketch of their works as may attract young readers to a study the delight in which must grow in proportion to the knowledge." Mr. Dennis has fully succeeded in attaining this object. There is not a dull page in the book. We can only suggest that Mr. Dennis should follow this volume with a companion, containing a complete series of specimens and perhaps a sketch of prosody, a subject but too little understood. We notice one or two expressions which may be amended in future editions. Thus at the beginning of Chapter xii. we are told that "Cowper and Burns were contemporaries, and although there was a great gulf of years between them, the poems by which both are remembered were published nearly at the same time." We fail to understand how Cowper and Burns were at once "contemporaries" and had also "a great gulf of years between them." Perhaps for "them" we should read "their respective ages." At p. 299, Mr. Humphrey Ward is invested with the title of "Professor." Mr. Dennis very rightly gives Collins a more prominent place than he is accustomed to occupy, and quotes his exquisite ode:—

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs and dying gales.

And the little elegy:—

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed?

There are two new volumes of the series of *Fathers for English Readers*. The first is *St. Hilary of Poitiers and St. Martin of Tours*, by Dr. Cazenove, the Chancellor of St. Mary's Cathedral at Edinburgh. The work of Hilary in combatting Arianism is made the theme for a very powerful assertion of the truth of the Trinitarian doctrine. The story of St. Martin of Tours is especially well suited for modern readers, and is more interesting than many a tale. The only fault we have to find with the volume is that it is too short. It ends with an excellent index. *St. John of Damascus*, whom, perhaps, most of us would call *St. John Damascene*, is the subject of another volume of this series, contributed by Mr. Lupton, of St. Paul's School. The ease of style with which it is written makes it pleasant reading, in spite of the recondite nature of the greater part of the contents. *St. John Damascene* is now chiefly remembered as a hymn-writer, though his *Fons Scientie* is a philosophical and religious work, and Mr. Lupton devotes a long chapter to his sermons. The subject of early Greek hymnology occupied the late Dr. Neale to such good purpose that Mr. Lupton is forced to consult him almost exclusively in that part of his work; but he has added two hymns, translated by himself into English rhyming verse, which may be highly commended. Altogether, if the life of a divine of the eighth century can be made interesting to readers of the nineteenth, Mr. Lupton may be congratulated on his success. Another historical work is *Early Chronicles of Italy*, a fascinating subject well treated by Signor Ugo Balzani. It is written in excellent English, and comprises numerous translations from the chroniclers in Greek, Latin, and Italian. "These passages," says the author, "have been translated by my wife, who has also given its English garb to the rest of the book, sharing with me the labour and interest of compilation." The result of the partnership is most satisfactory, the traces of translation which mar so many books having been carefully wiped off. The theme is in itself so well worthy of study and full of interest that we naturally expect a great deal. It is not too much to say that no reader will be disappointed. Signor Balzani begins with Cassiodorus and the Goths, and goes on to Gregory and the Lombards, to Johannes Diaconus and the Venetians, to the renaissance of letters in the monasteries, and to the new phases of thought awakened after the twelfth century, ending at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The index is hardly full enough, consisting, like that of Mr. Dennis, of names only.

Mr. William Beresford, vicar of St. Luke's, Leek, contributes to

the series of *Diocesan Histories* a very carefully compiled, but somewhat dry, account of Lichfield. A map of the diocese at different periods might employ the reader a whole day. The old spelling of names from the Valor Ecclesiasticus of Henry VIII. adds to the interest, but also to the difficulties, of the student of this very curious and valuable map. We regret to find that Mr. Beresford can give very little explanation of the singular name, and the "various martyrs in divers manners massacred," who figure in the herald's blazon of the Lichfield arms, are not identified. Mr. Beresford assumes that the Council of 1785 was held at Chelsea. One of the most interesting passages of the book relates to the beginnings of Manchester. Thomas de la Warr was rector in 1399, when he succeeded his brother in the family peerage, and, being a priest, was summoned with the unusual form "Magister Thomas de la Warr." The present holder of the title is in orders, we believe. Was he summoned to Parliament as "Master"? Lord de la Warr of Manchester spent his wealth on founding and endowing what is now the cathedral church of the new see. A small volume of fifty-five pages is devoted by Sir Edmund Beckett to a *Review of Hume and Huxley on Miracles*. Sir Edmund's trenchant style is hardly fitted for this kind of controversy. It is more calculated to offend the adversary and amuse the bystander than to convince any one. On the whole, we may doubt the advisableness of issuing such tracts as this. The old story of the clergyman who preached a sermon to prove the existence of the Deity, and who thereby for the first time suggested doubts to a rural congregation, is in point. Sir E. Beckett's pamphlet will reach many who have no doubts about miracles, and who have never heard of Hume and seldom of Mr. Huxley. The Society publishes a cheap little magazine entitled *The Dawn of Day*, which deserves to be better known and, we may add, to be better printed and illustrated. The "Short Sermons" are excellent, and should convey a gentle hint to some preachers. Before we go on to notice the story-books of the Society we must pause to mention Mrs. Lewis's excellent *Directions for Knitting Socks and Stockings*, which deserves to have a wide circulation in schools and homes; and a pamphlet of advice to emigrants, one of a series of *Colonists' Handbooks*, which seems to be exceedingly well done and useful. It relates to the Cape of Good Hope, and has a map.

We now approach a great pile of story-books. The fecundity of the Society in this respect is well known. A selection only is before us, yet it comprises more than a score of volumes. They present a particularly gay and attractive appearance, on account of the very successful efforts to beautify the bindings which have been made this year. Some are decorated with ferns, some with yellow gorse flowers, and one series has a fan for its distinguishing mark. The colours are generally good, but some of the blues are rather staring. After all, a gay binding is put on a book in order to attract attention, and it would be hypercriticism to find fault on that account. There is an improvement in the illustrations, though in one or two cases there has been some very slashing treatment of a drawing by the wood-engraver. Mr. Gordon Browne's work deserved better cutting than it has received in the frontispiece of *Miss July*, as we may see by comparing it with the other illustrations. It is the same with the cuts in Miss Esme Stuart's *Lia*, only that in this case all the pictures have suffered alike, and we have no idea given us as to whether Mr. Alfred Pearse's work is better or worse than that of Mr. Browne. A third artist, Mr. Rose, has been better treated in *Olive Smith*, the engraver being Mr. Cutts. We cannot say who is in fault in *A Story for the Schoolroom*. The artist is Mr. Stanley Berkley, according to the title-page, and we cannot find any mention of the engraver; but the three pictures which the book contains are simply grotesque. On the other hand, Mr. Dadd's illustrations of *Lucile* are very pretty, and worthy of the very pretty story by Miss Davison. We have already praised the beautiful engravings which illustrate Mr. Bishop's book on architecture, and which show that the Society is alive to the necessity of marching with the times, and giving more attention to its art department.

Among all the illustrated books we are disposed to place foremost one of the smallest. *Jackanapes* is, in spite of its title, a somewhat tragical story of soldier life, written by Mrs. Ewing, and illustrated by Mr. Randolph Caldecott. It is hardly necessary to say that the result of such collaboration is simply charming. The grey goose, and the officer in his old-fashioned uniform, and Jackanapes telling his grandfather how he had laid out 2s. at the fair, and how he had since saved 2d. towards the 15l. requisite for the purchase of a pony—we should have to tell the story, and enumerate all the cuts, to give an idea of this delightful little book. Next in order is Miss Lyster's *Two Old Maids*. It is a distinct advance upon anything we have seen before by the same author. The two sisters who give the title to the book, with their simple piety, their art, their contrasted impulses, and the common sense which results from this union of qualities, are well described, and seem to be living and thinking beings rather than mere puppets on which to hang a story. Their step-sister, Rosalind, is more like an invention. She is very consistent in her selfishness and vanity, and, though not quite impossible, is an improbable character, and most difficult to work out. Yet Miss Lyster has succeeded wonderfully in the ambitious attempt. The book is neither more nor less than a novel; and the moral—for there is one—is not more forcibly pointed than in many another novel; but it is pointed in such a way as to become part of the book, which may therefore be recommended as wholesome reading.

Home and School is a tale for schoolgirls; and, after reading it,

we can only say that Miss Bramston succeeds better when she addresses boys. *Paths in the Great Waters* is a title calculated to injure a very good book. But it is amply supplemented by the addition of "a tale wherein is comprised a record of Virginia's early troubles, together with the true history of the Bermudas or Somers Islands." Such is the happy theme of Mr. Edward Newenham Hoare's work, and he has used it well. Mr. Sadleir has chosen a better title for another book of adventure. *Pirate's Creek* speaks for itself. Here, of course, we look for hurricanes and privateers, for long yarns and Spanish gold, for lagoons and rescues, and we get them all. Mr. Sadleir, in his many boys' books, has written nothing more thrilling than some passages in *Pirate's Creek*. *Miss July* is by the author of *Our Valkyrie*, and is a healthy, pleasant story, of the useful life of a vicar's daughter. *We Little Ones*, by L. H. Apaque, is a story of nursery life, and is in good large type and easy words. It is bright and amusing, and should be welcome among children, as it is free from the hidden morals and symbolism in general which most children detest. We can only enumerate by name, as generally up to the high level of this class of literature published by the S.P.C.K., a number of minor stories, among which we would particularly recommend *Kate Temple's Mate*, by the author of *Harriet's Mistakes*, and worthy of the writer; *The First Offence*, by Ruth Lamb, a somewhat improbable story, well told; *Carl Forrest's Faith*, by Mary Linskill, an affecting story, founded on the early life of Ole Bull, the famous Norwegian violinist; and *A Valley of Diamonds*, by Crona Temple, a very sensational tale. Miss Helen Shipton has endeavoured, with considerable success, to delineate a workman's life in *A Six Months' Friend*; and the illustrations, which are signed W. J. M., and are engraved by Mr. Cutts, are all, except the frontispiece, very good, especially a little view of a winding road on the second page. *The Lady of St. Ouen*, by S. M. Sitwell, is an historical tale of the days of King John; *Under Canvas* is the story of a lost girl found; *A Tale of the Fifteen* is vividly told; *Felix Morton* contains a rescue from a fire; there are several little volumes of short stories, and two or three translations from the German. We may conclude with a word of praise for a diverting little book, with an illustration by W. J. M., entitled *A Pair of Them*; or, *One Day's Mischief*.

POE'S RAVEN ILLUSTRATED.*

NEARLY forty years have elapsed since Edgar Poe's rhetorical masterpiece saw the light, and its popularity, instead of declining, seems to be still on the advance. In spite of its manifest faults, in spite of the glacial disapproval of successive generations of Boston critics, *The Raven* remains not merely an interesting and vital work, but the most original and striking piece of poetry yet produced in America. *The Thanatopsis* of Bryant, the best sonnets of Longfellow, nay even certain of Poe's own lyrics, may be finer in their touch, more scholarly, more delicate; but none has the same peculiar quality of newness, the same command over the attention of all classes of readers. It is a poem which has been successful, like a much higher effort, Gray's *Elegy*, from the moment of its appearance. It was first printed in *Colton's American Review* for February 1845, over the signature "Quarles"; but Poe had already acknowledged a variety of poems in his peculiar style, and was detected at once under the thin disguise. *The Raven* formed, in fact, the corner-stone of that poetical edifice which Poe had for a long time past been silently raising, and it was the latest in point of date, though the earliest in position, of the pieces which he then immediately published under the title of *The Raven, and other Poems*; and after this time he produced little, except "Ulalume," which bore the stamp of his peculiar style. In a very interesting and graceful essay, by which Mr. Stedman introduces the volume which stands first on our list, he sums up what has been said concerning the genesis of this poem; but he hardly seems to us to take note of the maturity of Poe's mind at the date of its composition. At all times a careful and even too conscious artist, Poe, in 1845, was in possession of all the technical secrets of success in literature, and it was scarcely possible that his ear should be led unintentionally captive. Mr. Stedman quotes some verses by a writer of the name of Pike, whom he calls "the half-Greek, half-frontiersman poet of Arkansas," and he thinks that Poe may have unintentionally caught the rhythm of his *Raven* from these. The hopeless absence of anything like bibliography from Mr. Ingram's pretentious edition of Poe's works makes it difficult for us to say whether or not the "Chapter on Autography" was written before 1845; but, at all events, in the few lines which Poe dedicates there to Pike, he not only does not mention "Isidore," which appeared, according to Mr. Stedman, in 1843, but he distinctly says that he believes Pike to have written nothing since 1834. We cannot ourselves see any resemblance between the two pieces; the rhythm is totally distinct, and the style of the earlier writer is as flat and commonplace as that of Poe is sharp and

striking. On the other hand, Mr. Stedman is certainly correct in pointing out that Poe deliberately imitated the movement of Mrs. Browning's (then Miss Barrett's) "Conclusion" of *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*.

It is strange that this poem of *The Raven*, with its vivid rhetorical and metrical effects, its appeal to spiritual terror and pain, should be selected as a favourite subject for illustration. It might be supposed that it would be universally avoided as singularly unfitted for pictorial representation. There is a bust of Pallas in it, and a bird; a distressed poet and a silken curtain, and it is perhaps not unnatural that one picture of these objects in combination should be attempted by an artist in love with the melodramatic. But that a whole series of designs in illustration of a tempest of the soul should appear to any draughtsman as being within the range of what is possible, this is very strange. Although the imagery in Poe's poems is particularly bold and vivacious, they do not seem to us to lend themselves in any great degree to artistic expression. It would be easy to draw a Haunted Palace, but impossible to interpret more fully or to do otherwise than disguise the strange human phantasy that underlies the poem of that name. The shadowy dream-forms of "Ulalume" enchant us in the verse; but how silly would be a substantial group of a young man walking in an alley with Psyche, his Soul, and "conquering her scruples and gloom" by asking her an architectural conundrum? In the same way, no conceivable art, the most imaginative that has ever existed, could translate into black and white the evanescent and phantasmal charm of "Eldorado," or of "The Sleeper," or of the "City in the Sea."

It is plain, however, that this view is not shared by the artists; for there is perhaps no poem of recent times, except Mr. Tennyson's *Princess*, which has attracted so many pencils to its service as *The Raven* of Poe. It appears that it was the last work in literature on which Gustave Doré expended his rich fancy; and, as we receive the handsome folio which contains his designs, a more modest edition of the poem, with drawings from another hand, is placed on our table. We have united with these two volumes, as the subject of our examination, the very striking edition of *Le Corbeau*, published some years ago by the late Edouard Manet, the high-priest of the *Impressionistes*—a book which, from the expensive and limited form in which it was produced, is too little known in England. When this book was first published, it was received with shouts of ridicule. The quieting hand of death, which takes the sting out of all intellectual contentions, has stilled the controversy which raged so long over the pretensions of Edouard Manet. For good or for evil, he was a power in art which we must take into consideration; and now that both he and Doré, the much-ridiculed and the much-lauded artist, stand alike before the bar of posterity, we find ourselves able to weigh their claims to consideration more calmly than when they were both alive. Manet, then, be it said at once, had certain intuitions which Doré, with all his talent, lacked. In the first place, Manet saw that Poe's poem, dealing as it does entirely with rhetorical and spiritual ideas, would not bear more than four illustrations; and he confined himself to that number. Doré, on the other hand, with his impulsive and careless fecundity, was ready to illustrate each phrase of the poem, and has actually left us no less than twenty-six full-page plates. Manet, again, perceived that it would be a mistake to attempt to render in bodily form the shapeless visions which throng upon the brain of the bereaved man. He gives us but four scenes. In the first, the student is seated at a table, and the light of his lamp makes an island of brilliant whiteness in a sea of gloom. In the next, the haggard man stands at the window gazing out, and the raven rushes in. In the third we see his head only, as he gazes upwards at the bust; and here Manet's inspiration broke down. The fourth picture is a mere piece of gratuitous impressionist impudence; we have nothing given us but an empty arm-chair and the shadow of the bust. There are, moreover, two clever designs—one of a raven's head, the other of a raven poised on outspread wings. The style of all these is rough in the extreme. They are very little more than the shorthand notes of an artist, rapidly jotted down. They represent exactly enough what it was in Manet's work which drove, not only the Philistines, but real students and fellow-artists, to a denial of anything like talent in him. But this was a mistake; these designs brim over with talent. The way in which the lamp-light floods the table and the poet's head in the first plate, not with timid lines or dots, but with a veritable deluge of illumination; or the way in which the foreshortened head in the third plate is connected, by sheer force of expression, with the bust and the bird far above it—these are examples of genuine talent.

We do not think that Doré was, on the whole, at his best in this his latest work of illustration. Doré was happiest in purely grotesque and grimly fantastic design, and he had two sides to his talent, one of which is typically represented by his illustrations to the *Contes Drolatiques*, and the other by those to Milton and the Bible. Curiously enough, the first great shock which his reputation received in England was the attack of Mr. Ruskin on the side where Doré really was an important artist. The great critic in the letters which he wrote to Mr. Dixon indubitably did a great deal to shake the faith of the English philistine in his favourite illustrator. But Mr. Ruskin's attack was made not, where it might most legitimately have been made, on the Doré of the Milton, but on the Doré of those droll and pantagruelistic designs in which there can be no doubt that he was a master. The edition of *The Raven* now

* *The Raven*. By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. With a Comment upon the poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

The Raven. By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by W. L. Taylor. London: Griffith & Farran. 1883.

Le Corbeau. Poème par Edgar Poe. Traduction française de Stéphane Mallarmé. Avec illustrations par Edouard Manet. Paris: Richard Lechide. 1875.

before us is very interesting in this respect. It gives us an opportunity of comparing all the varieties of Doré's talent in draughtsmanship, and the fact that the plates happen to be engraved by the best engravers of the new American school, whose aim is to let the draughtsman speak for himself as plainly as possible, gives us an unrivalled opportunity of examining Doré's method. Indeed, we cannot think that the French artist would have thanked his American interpreters for their conscientiousness in all cases. The old tradition that the engraver corrected little mistakes is quite exploded here. "What should we do without Mr. Bartolozzi, who sets all our drawing right for us?" said Sir Joshua Reynolds; but Mr. W. Zimmermann, who has engraved the plate called "Sorrow for the Lost Lenore," has not understood his duty in that way; he has not merely given Doré's lines with most scrupulous exactitude, but he has reproduced some erroneous perspective which Doré did not take the trouble completely to erase. The reverence for the design tells both ways, as in the plate called "In the distant Aidenn," where, if Mr. King, the engraver, has been unkind to Doré in leaving his figures merely scribbled in with a rapid stroke of the crayon, he has given the delicate misty effect of the trees against the sky exactly as Doré rubbed it in.

If these plates were preserved to a future age which had entirely lost the text of Poe's poem, it is impossible that they could aid in its reconstruction. Much that is vague, ghostly, and spiritual in the poem becomes bodily and concrete in Doré's designs. In *The Raven* the solitude of the speaker is the primary impression we receive. His very wildness of utterance, his careless display of hysterical emotion, are due to the sense of his loneliness. Nobody is near him, nobody will ever approach him again, and he may rave and weep without shame. Doré has absolutely neglected this impression. In the opening scene, "While I pondered, weak and weary," a female head, as solid as his own, nestles by the student's shoulder. We should take it to be that of a happy wife, watching by her husband while he sleeps. In the next, "It was in the bleak December," where the horror-stricken figure of the man is powerfully given, the design is completely spoiled by the introduction of a full-sized female, with wings, sleeping on a settee in the foreground. In "Eagerly I wished the morrow," not only is a life-sized skeleton reclining by the poet's arm-chair, but no less than eight ladies, of redundant physical development, gambol behind him. In "Then I opened wide the door," a very effective design in itself, we cannot resist the impression that some persons who are seen hiding behind the door as the man throws it open have been playing him a trick. Of course Doré meant them to represent the phantoms of his hopes; but they do not look like phantoms; nor is the substantial lady who appears to be tickling the lobe of his ear in "She shall press, ah! nevermore," the least in the world like the vision which the bereaved man scarcely dares to recall to memory. In short, in many of his attempts to render the phantasmal allusions of the poem the artist has erred in attempting to give outline and bodily presence to that which it is impossible to realize. As was usual with him, Doré has succeeded best where he was dealing with ideas entirely removed from human traditions and the laws of physical nature. The best design in *The Raven* is "Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before," where he represents a great luminous sphere rolling through the starry void of night, and carrying poised upon its upper pole the grim skeleton of Death, robed in ample garments, with a vast scythe in its hand, driving the Raven forth from its presence. Very good also in the same manner is the drawing of "The Night's Plutonian Shore," a melancholy sea, beating with phosphorescent waves under a murky sky, a great house with red-lighted windows looming high up in the distance. Very effective, too, is the plate which gives us the outside of the castle in which the bereaved man lives, with the Raven beating its wings against the closed lattice.

Mr. W. L. Taylor's illustrations are said to be "drawn and engraved under the supervision of George T. Andrew," whatever that means. Both names are unfamiliar to us, and one fancies that Mr. Andrew might draw his own illustrations. They are less ambitious than Manet's or Doré's, but careful and tasteful. Mr. Taylor's drawing, be it confessed, is often a great deal more correct than Doré's, among whose virtues precision found no place. But he makes the same vain endeavour to represent the spiritual and the invisible. His designs are full of ghostly floating company, and the poor Raven seems to have suffered severely from sheer alarm. This, at least, is the only reason we can find to account for the phenomenon that his tail grows longer and longer as the story progresses.

THE MIDDLE KINGDOM.*

THE first edition of Dr. Williams's book appeared thirty-five years ago. In 1848 the island of Hongkong had only been in our hands six years, and the five Treaty Ports thrown open to our trade had hardly become accustomed to the presence of the white foreigner. The Emperor had not given up his claim to vicegerency over mankind, the assumption of supremacy over the monarchs and people of other countries, not merely for himself, but for his subjects also. Scarcely a Chinaman had left his native

land. Now the number of ports open to Western commerce has been greatly increased. Europeans are at liberty to travel all over the country, and many are settled in the very heart of the Flowery Land. The English town in Shanghai is lighted up by electricity. The representatives of foreign Powers are established in Peking, and present their letters of credence in the presence of the Tan-yin Fo-yeh, the Buddha of the present time, on a footing of perfect equality with the "Son of Heaven." Thousands of Chinamen from the Southern provinces have emigrated, not only to the neighbouring countries of Indo-China, Borneo, Java, the Malay Straits, and India, but further afield to America and Australia. The Empire has even gone the length of establishing its foreign relations by sending accredited envoys to the kingdoms of the West. Everything has been done which might be expected to put an end to the old stubborn passivity and wake up the Celestial from his long repose of indolent pride and exclusiveness. It might therefore have been expected that our author's revised edition would reflect all these outside influences which have been brought to bear on the country, and would be, in fact, an entirely new work. As a matter of fact, it is longer by nearly a third of its former size, and a great part has been entirely rewritten. But the new matter incorporated is more due to our increased knowledge of the country than to any radical change in the country itself. The long geographical isolation of China has been broken into. Our former information, based on the Chinese gazetteers and the travels of old adventurers, has been corrected or confirmed by the researches of many English, Russian, and German explorers during the last twenty years. Similarly, the greatly increased number of translations and text-books which the diligence of foreign scholars has furnished has led to the expansion of the chapters on the languages and the literature. The growing commerce and the intercourse of China with the outer world naturally demanded an entirely fresh narrative. All this vast mass of new and trustworthy information concerning the Middle Kingdom Dr. Williams has gathered together and condensed with praiseworthy diligence and ability, and the result is an encyclopædia of China the value of which cannot be over-estimated. But all that relates to the internal and social features of Chinese life is practically the same as it was. The laws and their administration are unaffected by contact with strangers from the outside world. The arts, industries, domestic life, and science remain untouched by the foreign influences which were expected to work so mightily. China has lost her proud seclusion from the rest of the world; but the institutions which have not been changed for forty centuries are not so easily swept away to make room for the methods of a superior race. The position of the country has tended to separate the Chinese from other Asiatic races, even from the earliest times. The four Northern provinces are bounded by a desolate region, barely sufficient to afford a means of subsistence to a few tribes of wandering nomads. They lie on the south-eastern slope of the vast plateau of Central Asia. Access to them is only to be got through a few passes, leading up five or six thousand feet by mountainous defiles to the bleak grassy wastes of Gobi. The Great Wall was built to prevent the periodical raids of the nomad wanderers who crossed the borders to burn and ravage the districts they were too few to conquer and too ignorant to govern. The Scythians, Huns, Mongols, and Turks soon found it was easier and more profitable to push westward; and China therefore remained intact. The Western frontiers consist of a tangle of hills, too wild and deserted to be easily crossed; and from that side the Celestials have always been unmolested. Till the introduction of steam no nation had fleets powerful enough to attack the Middle Kingdom from the sea; and the country, therefore, suffered a complete geographical isolation till within the present century. The result appears in the ideographic writing which has been preserved down to the present day. Other nations, such as the Mexicans and Egyptians, have had the same symbolic forms, but intercourse with nations of greater intelligence and energy led them to give up or alter them. But the Chinese never had any cause to modify the result of indigenous ideas and habits. At the same time, this isolation has led to the vast population of the country. This has, no doubt, been greatly over-estimated, but had the Chinese been forced constantly to defend themselves against invaders, or had they themselves been tempted to a career of conquest, they could never have filled the country to the extent they have.

But isolation is, as our author says, "merely a potential factor in this question." It does not by itself account for the national character, nor does it furnish the reasons for its uniformity and endurance. These must be sought for in the moral and social teachings of the national sages and great rulers who have been leaders and counsellors, and in the character of the political institutions which have grown out of those teachings. "The Chinese may be regarded as the only Pagan nation which has maintained democratic habits under a purely despotic form of government." The Government is a patriarchal despotism. The Emperor is regarded as the father of his people, responsible for their training and behaviour. The system, therefore, is an embodiment of parental and filial piety. The rights of the subjects are respected, and they are placed under the protection of law with its sanctions and tribunals. The sovereign is amenable, in the popular idea, for the continuance of his rule to the approval of a higher power able to punish him. The institutions of the country have the elements of stability but not of improvement. Dr. Williams discovers the great leading principles by which the administration

* *The Middle Kingdom*. By S. Wells Williams, LL.D. London: Allen & Co. 1883.

preserves its power over the people to be "strict surveillance and mutual responsibility among all classes." These are aided by the national loyal pride in the history of the country, and the general system of political education and official examinations. The Government is "like a network extending over the whole face of society, each individual being isolated in his own mesh, but responsibly connected with all around him." The consequence of this is naturally the undermining of confidence and the existence of an almost universal distrust. The idea of government is that of some ever-present terror, like the sword of Damocles. This undefined fear has dulled the constitutional energy of the Chinaman, and to it is to be referred much of his apparent indifference to improvement, his contentment with what is already known and possessed, and his submission to petty injustice and robbery. It is this universal distrust which has prevented the Empire from breaking up into separate States, as it otherwise certainly would have done, with the widespread tribal antipathies and differences of dialect quite as distinct from one another as any of the languages of Europe. Thus, with a state of society not unsteady, as now in Canton and other towns of South China, on the verge of insurrection, this huge mass of people is kept in check by the treble cord of responsibility, fear, and isolation. Hence it is that the older officers of the Government are so averse to improvement and to foreign intercourse, which in truth is well calculated to weaken the charm of their power. In addition to this division of power and the various restrictions placed on the officials, other means are adopted in their location and alternation to prevent combination and resistance against the head of the State. Such is the law forbidding any man to hold civil office in his native province. This not only stops conspiracy where it would have the best chance of success, but it has the further effect of congregating aspirants for office in Peking, whither they come in the hope of obtaining some post, or of succeeding in the examination for the highest literary degrees. Thus the central Government is able to observe at its leisure the character of all the best minds of the country before appointing them to posts in remote provinces, or to clerkships in the capital itself. Beyond this, no official is allowed to take a wife from the district over which he has temporary control, nor can he own land in it. Still less can he have a son, brother, or near relative holding office under him. Frequent changes of station are also resorted to with the same object, and, in addition to a constant mutual surveillance, a triennial catalogue is made out of the merits and demerits of all the officials in the Empire. Each provincial governor makes a report on his subordinates, and is also required to accuse himself if necessary. The result of all this appears in documents, such as the rescript of Taikwang in 1837, from which Dr. Williams makes quotations, such as:—"Kweisan, subordinate Minister of the Cabinet, is hasty and deficient, both in precision and capacity; he is incapable of moving and acting for himself; let him take an inferior station, and receive an appointment in the second class of the guards. Nankingé, the Governor-General of Hukwang, though having under him the whole civil and military bodies of two provinces, has yet been unable, these many days, to seize a few beggarly, impish vagabonds; after having in the first instance failed in prevention, he has followed up that failure by idleness and remissness, and has fully proved himself inefficient. Let him take the lower station of governor in Hunan, and within one year let him, by the apprehension of Lan Chong-tsun, show that he is aroused to greater exertions." Under such a system of government it is not surprising that the public life of most Chinese officials exhibits a remarkable series of ups and downs.

The system of examinations to fill all posts in the public service is, perhaps, naturally the custom of the Middle Kingdom most interesting to foreign observers. Dr. Williams gives a very exact and comprehensive account of these competitions in the different standards. This is, perhaps, the only one of the Chinese inventions not to be paralleled in the history of past and present kingdoms elsewhere. It has latterly been adopted to a modified extent in this country, but we do not impose a formal literary test on our lawgivers, hereditary or elective. Theoretically, the results ought to be most satisfactory. Practically they are the very opposite. We do not allude to the traffic in "button-scrip," the bribery practised to attain the degrees or to obtain posts after the diplomas have been conferred; nor to the manufacture of forged diplomas, after the fashion not unknown in Europe and America. These are bad enough and common enough, but they do not necessarily belong to the system. The assumption is that all the best minds of the country are picked out, and that thus a government of capacity is arrived at, the ideal of many modern speculators. Examination is the only entry to all careers; a man must have a diploma to rise from the crowd. Privilege of birth is to all intents and purposes unknown. Every one has the right to call himself the son of his own labours. Any one may become a grand mandarin, but apart from the five or six families in which rank is hereditary no one can found a house. The son of the dignitary at most enjoys a title a step lower than that of his father, and successive generations bring the descendants down to the level of the ordinary multitude. But the effect of the competitive system appears in the extent to which it is carried. Not one in a hundred graduates ever gets a post, not one in five hundred competitors ever gets a degree; but they are all "red-sashes," they all belong to the class of *literati* and share in the dignity, influence, and prejudices of the class. The unsuccessful candidates, and those who are successful, but are never

employed by the Government, fall into an extraordinary variety of pursuits. Very many of them get employment as school teachers, attorneys, and clerks in public offices, or become headmen in such villages as have no governmental officer assigned to them. They are allowed to set up flagstaves in front of their houses, or red placards over their doorways, announcing to the world the grade to which they have attained. A few are reduced to poverty, and have to live on their wits as letter-writers and engrossers of deeds, physicians and fortune-tellers, and the residuum become authors. In whatever way they turn their learning to account, all enjoy no small degree of power and influence in their native places and are looked up to as authorities on all possible subjects by their fellow-townsmen. It is this estimation in which they are held that is the great drag on the progress of China, which Dr. Williams asserts to be apparent, but which is exceedingly superficial as yet, and not to be compared to the advances made by such a nation as the Burmese in little more than half of the forty-three years during which our author has known China. The most distinguished scholars of the Middle Kingdom are the most conceited, ignorant, and arrogant about the influence, resources, and power of their country. They have spent all their lives in acquiring knowledge of a literature which knows absolutely nothing of the geography, history, habits, and acquirements of outside peoples, and they therefore absolutely ignore the existence of anything worth knowing, or of any skill worth copying, that does not exist within their own borders. The mandarins, and with them the huge body of the literates, are inspired no less with a fear than with a hatred for foreigners, and their hostility cannot be expected to abate even slowly. They represent an ancient civilization which has rendered invaluable services to their country, and even, one might concede, to humanity; but which is inevitably destined to disappear before the advances of the West. Their vain science, which is sufficient to carry on the government of the country as it has existed for ages, is mere literary baggage and philosophy, like that of the Schoolmen of the middle ages, and for working out the problems of enforced connexion with other races is inferior to the stray ideas of the least educated European. No reasoning, no concessions, nothing but firm measures or actual force, can bring them to reason. There are a few statesmen, such as Prince Kung, Li Hung-Chang, and others, who from intercourse with Europeans are more in accord with Western thought; but they are in a minority, dangerous alike to themselves and to China. There is therefore little encouragement to future effort in the paths hitherto adopted with a view to rousing the Middle Kingdom to active communication and sympathy with the outside world. When the Chinaman comes in contact with Europeans he is quick to adopt their customs and inventions. The Chinese-owned merchant-steamers fleet which has sprung up within the last ten years is proof enough of this. But foreign influence is felt only on the merest fringe of the Empire, and the great mass of the people in the teeming plains of the interior still nourish the complacent idea that all foreigners are like the nearest neighbours of the Flowery Land, and are, no less than these, immeasurably inferior in civilization, good government, learning, and wealth. Like the popular essayist, Tien Ki-shih, they congratulate themselves that they have been born in China, and not beyond the seas in some remote part of the earth, "where the people, far removed from the converting maxims of the ancient kings, and ignorant of the domestic relations, are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in the wilderness, and live in the holes of the earth; though born in the world in such a condition, they are not different from the beasts of the field." The introduction of railways is the only factor which is likely to bring about any real advance in the political and intellectual development of China. The failure of the Shanghai-Woosung line shows that the old national party is still too strong in the Imperial councils to allow of the introduction of this civilizing agent. To all appearance this can only be done by bringing an example directly before the people in the shape of a railway to the frontier. Whether this is to be done by the French from Cochin-China, or by us from Burma, remains to be seen; but there can be no doubt that, whoever thus forces the Chinese out of their lethargy, will have conferred a benefit not less on the civilized world than on the Middle Kingdom. Dr. Williams himself is constrained to admit that there is only a foreshadowing of great and rapid changes in the Empire. He naturally believes that "the progress of pure Christianity will be the only adequate means to save the conflicting elements involved in such a growth from destroying each other." It is greatly to be feared that, if this is the only way to a great future for the sons of Han, there is little hope for them. The Chinese will not be persuaded to become Christians, simply because, like all Buddhists, they see no ground for abandoning what they consider their own older and better religion. There is too much reason to fear that the few Chinamen who are converted change their religion only with a shrewd hope of worldly advantage. It is a pity also that, in the sketch of the relations of foreign nations with China, our author insists so vehemently that England has forced opium on China. No one out of the ranks of the Anti-Opium Society would deny that the practice of opium-smoking is traditional in China, and has not been introduced by foreigners; that it is general in parts of the country and sections of society which Indian opium does not reach; that as much native opium at least is grown as foreign opium imported; that the high price of Indian opium (due to the system of Government monopoly which Dr. Williams denounces) limits its consumption; that the treaty

of Tientsin did not force Indian opium on the Peking Government, but that the tariff duty was spontaneously suggested by the Chinese Commissioners. Dr. Williams's intolerance on this question is the one blemish on an otherwise exceedingly complete and accurate account of the most interesting country in the world.

THE STUDY OF LAW.*

DURING the last half-century there have been two currents in that part of the stream of reform which has directed itself towards the subject of English law. The one current has busied itself (if an obvious but unavoidable confusion of metaphors may be allowed) entirely, or almost entirely, with the practice of law in the widest sense. Those who have felt its influence most have employed themselves about codification, about the harmonizing of the vast multitude of particulars which crowd the English statute-book, about the improvement of procedure, the cheapening and hastening of litigation. It is not necessary to speak in any but the highest terms of these juriprudential Marthas. Sometimes, indeed, they may appear to dispassionate observers to have been more intent on making a clean sweep of the old than upon providing an adequate substitute in the new; and sometimes it has been impossible to mistake an influence and an aim in their work which certainly neither came from nor were inspired by the politically impartial Themis. But it is also impossible not to recognize that most of what is good in their work depends on the degree in which they have been influenced by, and most of what is bad in it depends on the extent to which they have rejected the influence of, the second current just noted. This current carries those who abandon themselves to it to the patient study of English law, to the historical and philosophical consideration of its nature and principles, to the comparison of it with other systems of jurisprudence. It must be acknowledged that in this, as in many other instances, Englishmen have neglected the sound principle lately formulated by Lord Salisbury in another matter, that "what we want in the first place is more information." Much of the practical reform of the last fifty years is no doubt excellent; much, indeed, consists simply in applying the rules of the common sense to a department of business and of thought from which it had long been ostentatiously excluded. But some at least of that reform has unnecessarily trenchanted on peculiarities of English legal science and practice, the origin, and with the origin the interest, of which the comparative historical method of research could not have failed to illustrate, and in illustrating to justify.

The course of legal reform is, however, somewhat slow, and there is time for knowledge to overtake and to master the mere desire *leges Anglice mutare*, because they are not identical with laws inspired by and deriving from some totally different system. Here, if anywhere, one may look with some hope to the influence of the Universities. A very large proportion—if not as formerly an enormous majority—of English lawyers of the upper branch are University men. An increasing proportion of the endowments of the Universities (even manipulated as they have been and are being by palms itching merely for change) are devoted for a time at least to the maintenance of "sucking barristers." The profession is one in which hardly any one is at once plunged in that heart-breaking mass of profitable but uninteresting work which at once rewards and crushes the tolerably successful practitioner of medicine, journalism, commerce, or any of the new forms of applied science. If the taste for looking at law not as a mere *gagnepain*, not as an interesting museum of antiquities which it is sacrilege to do more than dust carefully, not as a convenient means of furthering political aims, but as one of the most valuable of keys for getting at human thought and human nature, no less than as one of the chief safeguards of rational and progressive, not lunatic and revolutionary human action, is ever to be implanted, it can probably be done better at the Universities than anywhere else. It must, therefore, have been with very great pleasure that all persons interested in the matter must have read the lecture with which Mr. Frederick Pollock inaugurated (it is rather pleasant to find an occasion when that misused word can have justice done to it) his tenure of the Corpus Professorship of Jurisprudence at Oxford about a fortnight ago, and which has since been issued by Messrs. Macmillan. Of the necessity of some vigorous direction of the study there is little doubt, as indeed a curious incident of Oxford history shows, the memory of which is suggested by a passage in the Professor's own lecture. Mr. Pollock (being new to Oxford, and, as an arrogant Oxonian might say, like Mrs. Anne Killigrew, "made in the last promotion of the best") dwelt, and very properly dwelt, on the advisableness of a close connection between the study of history and the study of law. Now, as it happens, this was a somewhat severe, though doubtless quite unintentional, satire on Oxford. For the advisableness was not so very long ago recognized by the union of legal and at least modern historical studies in the same school. Nor, unless report lies, was the separation which some years ago was effected due to any disbelief in the efficacy of the conjunction, but simply to the fact that, owing to the perversity of undergraduates, or the prejudices and laches of examiners, the law actually brought up for

examination was for the most part simply a farce. Yet the connexion between history and law is certainly closer, in the order of thought at any rate, than the connexion between history, philology, and metaphysics. Nor should the University which to this day keeps up these three intertwined in a single school have had much difficulty, if the attempt had been seriously or intelligently made, in preserving the *bunity* of law and history.

However, it is perhaps better that everything should, at least nominally, be studied by itself. That, at any rate, is the tendency of modern days. Which being so, Mr. Pollock has taken the best way of making such a study profitable, in the case of law, by urging the importance, or rather the necessity, of the historical and comparative methods. It may, indeed, seem to some hasty readers that in his luminous comparison of evolution in science and the historical method in history and law, he exaggerates the capabilities of both. "The key of riddles, the solvent of contradictions, the touchstone of sophistries, the spell to exorcise the phantom of superstition," may seem a perilously advantageous description. But those who are acquainted with Mr. Pollock's other writings know how little likely he is to be caught in the use of exaggerated language. He hastens to add that the historical method can never solve, or be reasonably expected to solve, the ultimate problems of philosophy. In other words, unless we misunderstand Mr. Pollock, he upholds the method as explanatory merely, never as revelatory. Undoubtedly this is the true view, and it is for want of taking it that evolutionists in science of all kinds are so sadly wont to o'erleap their selle. No study of the history of law (to take the present instance only) will ever give an ultimate and positive formula of human relations in society as they ought to be. But what it will not fail to do is to supply abundant explanation of the problems of the actual states of society by which and for which the successive stages of law were evolved. To give the matter a still more practical turn, what it will do also is to show the folly of attempting at any stage of social progress to make an entirely fresh start in this as in other matters. It is true that the standing example of this fatal delusion—the French Revolution—is less decisive here than elsewhere, because the Code Napoléon, though innovating in particulars, was in the general a far more legitimate descendant of the jurisprudence of elder France than almost any other institution then left or restored to her. Accordingly in the ceaseless flux of French politics and society ever since, this system of jurisprudence, until the inroads recently made on the independence of its officers, has been (as American jurisprudence has been in a much greater degree) the backbone and mainstay of rational conservatism in the country.

Even more interesting is the exhortation which Mr. Pollock gave to the cultivation of comparative as well as historical study in jurisprudence, and his suggestion of the absolutely unequalled inducements to such a study offered to every intelligent and patriotic Englishman by the fact that his own country, from the vast diversity of her home and colonial institutions, possesses a *corpus juris* (or rather *jurium*) unparalleled in volume and variety. Setting aside for the moment our own common and statute law, and the neglected but most interesting canon law, Hindu, Mahometan, and Chinese jurisprudence, old French law and the Code Napoléon, the customs of savage tribes in Africa and Polynesia, and the singular development of Roman jurisprudence known (or by most English lawyers not known) as the law of Scotland, all come before English lawyers as matters for study and decision. Truly the English juriconsult has a goodly heritage. But all things have their limits; and inaugural lectures, with their necessities of exordium and peroration, more especially have theirs. It would therefore hardly be reasonable to have expected Mr. Pollock to enter on a very interesting point—the time and the manner in which such studies as these should be carried on. The postponement of them till the period of actual reading for the Bar jeopardizes their chances very seriously, and the limitation of them to the special law school would have the same effect, aggravated by the difficulty of shaping a study conducted on these lines to the *mesquinerie* of examinations. For our parts, we cannot conceive a better accompaniment to the study of *litera humaniores* themselves (which still are, and let us hope will long continue, the chief occupation and the chief care of the University of Oxford) than attendance on at least one course of lectures animated by such a spirit and conducted on such a method as the spirit and method which Mr. Pollock has displayed and indicated here. Until now (or at any rate until very recently) the one thing of which all the living guides of the undergraduates who might be reading the *Politics* or the *Laws* were frankly and utterly ignorant was law. They must have, at any rate, dabbled in philosophy; they were frequently pillars of orthodox or unorthodox theology; some of them were very sure to be interested, if not always according to knowledge, in politics. But a tutor or a professor who knew anything of the subject which interested Plato and Aristotle as much as philosophy, Thucydides and Demosthenes as much as politics, was not long ago, whatever he is at the exact moment, a non-existent person. It is scarcely too much to say that to many men the only period when there is any chance at all of at once interesting and instructing them in abstract thought of any kind—to most men the period when there is most chance of permanently attracting them to such thought—is to be found in the "sweet hours and the fleetest of time," when they have ceased to be schoolboys and not begun to be bread-winners. At this time, too, when all sorts of *Brudstudien*, all sorts of *réçus baravres*, usurping the name and

* *English Opportunities and Duties in the Historical and Comparative Study of Law.* By F. Pollock. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

aping the methods of science, are putting in their claim to a share of these few moments of thought and study, it is impossible not to hope that the competition may be increased by what, if it sometimes is beset with the embodied weakness, is more often beset with the embodied wisdom, experience, and life-knowledge of the ages—the study of Law.

A NOBLE WIFE.*

MR. SAUNDERS has written more than one novel of no little power and originality; but we can hardly congratulate him on *A Noble Wife*. As he tells us in his preface, "it is a drama, in the form and under the conditions of a novel, that I have attempted to produce"; but it strikes us that the attempt was a mistake to begin with. A story primarily written with an eye to stage effect must almost necessarily prove an indifferent novel. But, even dramatically, *A Noble Wife* is unsuccessful. It is true that there are strong and telling situations in it, and that two or three of the characters at least may lend themselves to effective interpretation. But there is neither consistency nor continuity in the plot; the action, even at the most critical moments, is so shrouded in gratuitous mystery as to be almost unintelligible; the motives that may regulate it are seldom made clear to us; the dialogue is not only heavy, but diffuse; and the story, or the drama, call it which we will, is weighted down by moral and controversial reflections. Occasionally, too, we have a bit of sensational writing which is decidedly more melodramatic than dramatic. It may be natural enough that a bereaved mother should be sympathetically attracted to a grove of giant weeping willows, and spend her miserable hours in strolling beneath their shade. But it seems a somewhat free indulgence in poetical license to tell us that she was in the habit of extending her walks to a gloomy lake, "into which her tears have so often of late fallen in big drops, portending a terrible heart-storm." For in practice nothing could be less poetical than the picture of the lady leaning over the lake that she might mingle her tears with its waters, in an attitude more suggestive of a bleeding nose. We have thought it worth while to quote that sentence, as it is suggestive of the style of the book. The novel is historical, and more sensational than realistic. Indeed, its scenes are placed in stirring times, and drag along through three eventful reigns. In the beginning of the book we are under the rule of Henry VIII., when the light of the Reformation had broken upon England, and the Defender of the Catholic Faith was on the eve of renouncing it. We go on through the brief reign of his son, when Protestantism for the time was absolutely in the ascendant; and then, with a passing glance at the usurpation of the luckless Lady Jane, we end in the days of "Bloody Mary," when the fires of persecution were blazing in Smithfield. When Henry, suing for his divorce from Catharine, was hesitating between the old religion and the new, an occasional arbitrary edict, carrying terrible penalties, made England a very disagreeable residence for heretics. And we can understand that the "noble wife," having married a converted priest who was one of the prominent leaders of the Reformers, should be anxious to place their child in safety when she contemplated the urgent necessity for flight. It is less clear why she should have resolved to throw it on the protection of Sir John Oldcastle; more especially as his wife was notoriously a fanatical Catholic. We presume her idea was that Lady Oldcastle, having herself just been made childless, would be softened towards the little castaway and inclined to clasp it to her motherly bosom. But the success of the scheme leads to complications which are so obvious that a far less intelligent woman than this "noble wife" must very plainly have foreseen them. We are obliged to continue to mention her by the title she gives to the novel, since we only learn her real name and the quality of her husband in the closing chapters. The noble wife takes a hint from the mother of Moses, and, like her, sends the baby adrift among the bulrushes, while concealing herself in a thicket to watch the result. And Lady Oldcastle, as was to be expected, having taken to the little foundling, and having by shrewd feminine diplomacy persuaded her husband to adopt it, is firmly resolved not to give it up when the mother comes back to reclaim the boy. The scenes in which the ladies meet are among the most pathetic and powerful in the novel. But then, to be touched by the full force of the pathos in such circumstances, our sympathies should be all thrown on the side of the woman with whom we are expected to feel. Now it appears to us that, had a Solomon come to judgment, he might probably have decided in favour of Lady Oldcastle. The real mother, though doubtless under pressure of necessity, had deliberately speculated on Lady Oldcastle's sorrows and tenderness of heart. She had thrown a beautiful child in the way of the afflicted mother, appealing to her through those tender and touching memories which it was almost sacrilege to awaken. Lady Oldcastle's griefs had been revived; but she had found consolation for them in her treasure-trove. She had reared the child till it had come to years of intelligence, and learned to repay her with the affection she had deserved. And then its real parent makes a descent on the neighbourhood of the happy home, and demands that the child shall be given up to her on the shortest notice. Mr. Saunders has done his best to prejudice our judgment

by imputing to Lady Oldcastle a Jesuitical subtlety which shrank from nothing to keep her prize. But we confess that we think her conduct perfectly natural, even when she was betrayed into losing her temper and treating her beautiful visitor rather cavalierly. It is equally "dramatic," we suppose, if not much more true to probabilities, that the handsome foundling, when subsequently grown up to man's estate, and compelled to make a choice upon the spur of the moment, should leave his benefactress and give up the benefactress's daughter to whom he is engaged, that he may accompany the unknown mother whose graces have bewitched him to a possible meeting with his unknown father.

Nevertheless, the noble wife is somewhat of a nonentity. She is very beautiful, infinitely graceful; she has a sweet and commanding dignity that imposes on every one she comes across; and she is passionately in love with her religion, as with the husband in the background to whom she sacrifices all other human ties. Lady Oldcastle is much more womanly and more probable. She, too, loves her husband, though she loves her religion more. And as her husband, who is being steadily converted to the reformed doctrines, dreads her influence and holds her at arm's length, we have a series of very natural domestic quarrels. Sir John, although able and learned, is represented as the weak man he was, and his conduct is very irritating. Intervals of passive feebleness, when he is dominated by his constitutional timidity, are succeeded by outbreaks of perilous zeal, which outrage the objects and the doctrines that are idolized by his Catholic wife. Consequently she feels it a sacred duty to deceive him, and to meet his overt acts of violence by underhand counterplottings. When he has desecrated the private chapel and demolished the altar, she holds clandestine services in the holy place by means of a secret passage she has discovered. She arranges Catholic demonstrations that shall turn the heretics into ridicule in consultation with a Catholic nobleman in the neighbourhood. Contrary to the terms of a solemn compact, she seduces their adopted son into attending mass. In short, her conscience and her affections are perpetually in conflict; and so far we have a very conceivable presentment of the interior of many a divided household of those troublous times. Among the most clever of the secondary characters is Father Sicklemore, the family chaplain. The Father is sorely disturbed by the signs of the times, and anxious, like the Vicar of Bray, to keep himself safe whatever may happen. Yet he has a decided predilection for the faith in which he has been bred, and a conscience that he might have pretty safely relied upon in more favourable circumstances. As it is, he is continually being dragged in opposite directions between his sarcastic patron and the imperious mistress who is his penitent. Sir John, with much of the timidity of Erasmus, has something of Erasmus's biting wit as well as his learning; and he reads his chaplain thoroughly, as the chaplain knows very well. Sicklemore reluctantly stretches his principles to obey his patron's behests, being alive to the folly of quarrelling with his bread and butter and to the possibilities of persecution should Protestantism be in the ascendant. But then, again, he is as wax in the hands of Lady Oldcastle, who dominates him, not only as mistress of the house, but in virtue of her stronger nature. Her relations with her ghostly confessor are ingeniously defined. She reverences the priesthood, but she despises the man, though she feels kindly towards him. When he is recalcitrant to her wishes she can be sharp and blunt of speech, by no means hesitating to press heavily on his foibles; but, when he protests and falls back on the reverence due to his gown, she is always ready to soothe the man by magnifying his office. For ourselves, we are so well disposed towards the time-serving but good-humoured Father Sicklemore that we are sorry when the author finds it necessary to make him turn traitor to his patron. Such scruples as his could hardly resist so conclusive an argument as confronting him with the thumbscrew. The controversialist who shook him by that strong *argumentum ad hominem* was a divine of a higher, though less attractive, type. The Archdeacon of Gloucester, the confidant of Bishop Bonar, was of the stuff of which his Church has turned out her Torquemadas. In the struggle between orthodoxy and heresy he neither asked nor gave quarter. He was not only prepared to go to the stake for his opinions, but to encourage any treachery that might further his ends. He had given his old friend Sir John fair warning that if ever he was judge, he would show him no mercy, and that warning once given he has delivered his conscience. And he does not hesitate to compel his old friend, Sir John's chaplain, to play the part of a Judas and lead the apparitors to seize upon their prey. In fact, this loosely-compiled ecclesiastical romance ends unpleasantly in a general parade of human feebleness and cruelty, only relieved by the heroism of some suffering martyrs. We see once honourable gentlemen stooping to shameful apostasy; divines denying the doctrines they had preached and deserting the proselytes they had made; persecutors triumphing over their religious opponents and their own better feelings as well; while our nostrils are filled with the smoke of burning faggots and the savour of charred fragments of humanity. As the threads we tried to follow through the story have likewise been consumed in the flames, we trust that Mr. Saunders in the future will renounce his attempts to dramatize, and fall back upon a style of novel in which he has been much more successful.

* *A Noble Wife*. By John Saunders, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife" &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1883.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IF the name of the late Augustin Cochin is not very well known in England, it is not for want of desert on the part of the subject, or, as far as that goes, for want of a biographical notice—in this case an excellent one by M. de Falloux. Cochin was a man of some fortune, engaged in business and in politics, who devoted himself at the same time to a very active participation in philanthropic work, and to the maintenance and defence of religion. He was, in short, a survivor and a follower of Ozanam and Montalembert. He published, if we are not mistaken, little during his life; but various fragments which have been printed or reprinted since show that the very remarkable literary talent of his son, M. Henry Cochin, has not come to him in any irregular fashion. The present book (1), which M. Henry Cochin has prefaced in an excellent style, has the disadvantage of being unfinished by the author. Indeed, it is rather to be entitled "Studies for an Apology of Christianity." In some parts more than one draft of the original exists, in others the text is pretty evidently little more than a jotting down of detached notes and thoughts to be worked up later. In the case of most books this condition would be prohibitive of publication, at least for any effective purpose. The range of M. Cochin's subject, however, the fact that even his most fragmentary work has a certain completeness of thought, and, above all, the excellence and brilliancy of the writing, make the book one of true value. The strength and weakness of the author's position are very easy to discern. The latter may be said to consist chiefly, like the weakness of almost all French apologists since Joseph de Maistre (the germ of it may even be seen in that redoubtable champion's attitude), in the dissociation of political and religious Conservatism, and in the too exclusively sectarian view of Christianity put forward. In the latter respect, indeed, M. Cochin is far from being a very grave offender. It is true that he speaks of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church—one of the gravest blows to his own side recorded in European history for a century—as a "renaissance de la justice en Irlande"; but later he holds out as distinctly as Joseph de Maistre himself, and with a less evident determination to exact unconditional surrender, an eirenicon to Anglicanism, if not to Protestantism. His strength is, as the strength of all really strong philosophical defenders of religion must be, in the deeper scepticism with which he meets the scepticism of modern thought; in the *te seguer* which, like all such defenders, he borrows from Lucretius to overthrow Lucretius's followers; in the demonstration that the knowledge of science is nothing but a wider discovery of ignorance, the progress of politics and sociology merely a drawing of deeper lines between rich and poor. These old ways M. Cochin treads with a great deal of boldness and success, and especially in his second part, *La vie humaine*, with the frequent result of passages not less striking from the point of view of literature than from that of Christian apologetics.

M. Victor Hugo's little book on the Channel Islands (2) stands almost alone among his work for its singularly matter-of-fact character. It is not, of course, matter-of-fact in style, possessing in that respect equally with all its fellows the indefinable *souffle* which only the literarily imbecile neglect or undervalue, and which no author of the present time, and few of any past time, have been able to impart. But in substance it is a sober sketch of the chief material peculiarities of the Channel Islands, and especially of Guernsey, written, we should say from internal evidence, about twelve or fifteen years ago. Moreover, it is a very accurate sketch, allowing for the sketcher's idiosyncrasy and point of view. Exact accuracy in spelling and some other minor matters has never been claimed for M. Victor Hugo by any sane admirer; but here there are singularly few slips. The dignitaries of the Wesleyan Conference themselves will perhaps be a little surprised to hear from M. Hugo that in "le Wesleyanisme" is "l'avenir de l'Angleterre." "Ray-grass" should, of course, be "rye-grass," and it will probably be news to most Englishmen that in England the Channel Islands are called *Iles normandes*, or any English equivalent of that phrase. But these are matters quite infinitesimal, and, what is more, there are very few of them. More accurate than Mr. Swinburne, M. Victor Hugo does not talk of "Les Casquettes," a form which few Channel Islanders, if any, ever used or heard of, but "Les Casquets." On the other hand, M. Hugo makes too much of the old "sixty and forty" peculiarities of Guernsey, and too little of the undoubted interchange between the two principal islands of the uncomplimentary terms of *crepauds* and *ânes*. We can remember a guileless English visitor who knew nothing of this local pleasantry casting a decided chill (greatly to his own mystification) over a Guernsey dinner-party by the suggestion that polo on donkeys (it was in the infancy of the game in England, and some one had objected to its introduction the want of ponies) would not be a bad idea. Putting these little things aside, the eighty or ninety pages of M. Victor Hugo's pamphlet contain a really faithful picture, and it is needless to add that it is a picture striking in outline and brilliant in colour. The wonderful beauty of the archipelago, a beauty which the most casual visitor can hardly miss, and which the longest sojourn hardly stales, and especially

the touches of the terrible and the grotesque blended with softness and symmetry which distinguish it from most other coast scenery, are brought out here with remarkable vividness, and with an almost more remarkable absence of the mannerisms that are too often apt, by their recurrence, to mar the style and the thought of this great writer.

The extremely handsome form in which Messrs. Hachette have produced a translation of Dr. Piasetsky's Chinese travels (3), and the numerous and remarkable illustrations with which it is ornamented (illustrations taken from the author's own sketches), constitute the chief attraction of the book. The journey in question, undertaken eight or nine years ago, appears to have been one of those mysterious explorations, nominally commercial and scientific, but really a military spying out of the land, with which the Russians have for many years covered Asia. Dr. Piasetsky, the physician and the draughtsman of the expedition, naturally does not tell us any of the secrets; indeed, he complains very frankly of the harsh discipline of his chief, who would not let him know any. His journey was first by the ordinary Kiachta-Pekin route, then along the Yangtse, and, lastly, straight across the desert to Semipalatinsk. The last part of the journey, in which the travellers very nearly got lost, alone has much novelty.

The second volume of MM. Perrot and Chipiez's vast and stately History of Ancient Art (4) is devoted to Assyria and Chaldaea. Nine hundred pages of the largest octavo—an octavo which our ancestors would have made a very little wider and then called a large quarto—are given up to the interesting, but certainly more interesting than beautiful, gropings of the artists of Mesopotamia after glyptic and decorative art. Hundreds of engravings, in and out of the text, tinted and plain, illustrate the subject; and every classical authority on it seems to have been consulted and his information estimated with a patient study and an absence of irrelevant prejudice which is perhaps more rare in French books than the lucid arrangement and excellent power of exposition which also display themselves here. As to the accuracy of fact and view, the matter is a highly specialized one, and one therefore which from that point of view need not here be dealt with.

The republication of Janin's works, at which M. de la Fizelière is piously labouring, and which has now reached its twentieth volume (5), is irreproachable in get-up; and, if the dress is sometimes more valuable than the body, that is a result to which journalism, alas! too often leads. The volume before us contains work of the most unequal kinds; some which, we frankly confess, we should not ourselves have thought worth rescuing from the *boîte à quatre sous* and the newspaper-file; some very much worth such a rescue. Among the best pieces may be mentioned "Le critique à la campagne," a very lively sketch, dated 1832, and redolent of its time. The ambitious fragments of the unfinished story "Le Marquis de Rosemonde" are more ambitious than successful. "Le philanthrope au bain de Brest" is a very early example of a kind of journalism which has been called in England the *Household Words* style, because Dickens, both by his example and his editorship, did much to make it popular here. But "J. J." (the original J. J.) did it in a masterly manner in 1829. This abbreviation, by the way, reminds us that these sketches are particularly attractive to an Englishman as illustrating Thackeray's Paris, and showing to no small extent the models of the *Paris Sketch-book*. There are some interesting bits of art criticism, and it is curious to read "J. J.'s" lamentations over the fact that all the good illustrated books come from England. But in those days Janin was a little given to superlatives, as where he calls *Gil Blas* "le seul livre gai" of French literature, and puts Molière at the head of human genius, expressly subordinating Shakespeare and Homer to him.

The worst fault to be found with M. Paul Bourget's interesting and remarkable book (6) is that its title is really a little misleading, and may seem to a hasty reader to be a little pretentious. If "littéraire" had been added to or substituted for "contemporaine" there would not have been any danger of this. What the book really is, is a collection of essays on Baudelaire, Flaubert, Stendhal, M. Renan, and M. Taine, with special reference to the mental idiosyncrasy of each as displayed in his works, and the consequent influence exerted by each over his readers and admirers. We are not certain that this object would not in reality have been better attained by making the inquiry part only of a regular literary treatment of the subject, which would certainly have had in addition the advantage in interest. But as it is the work is very well done. M. Bourget, perhaps, rather overrates both the living writers he mentions. He is altogether too complimentary to M. Taine's philosophic powers, and he omits to "discount" M. Renan's amusing, but assuredly scarcely dignifying, egotism. But the papers on Baudelaire, Flaubert, and Stendhal, especially on the second (for we are not quite sure that M. Bourget has taken in all sides either of the author of *Petits poèmes en prose*, or of the author of *De l'amour*), are excellent; indeed, we hardly know anything better in French on the subjects.

A very handsome reprint in quarto form and in facsimile of the old

(3) *Voyage à travers la Mongolie et la Chine*. Traduit du Russe de P. Piasetsky par A. Kuscinski. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Histoire de l'art dans l'antiquité*. Par P. Perrot et V. Chipiez. Tome II. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *Œuvres diverses de Jules Janin*. Deuxième série, tome cinquième, Petits souvenirs. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(6) *Essai de psychologie contemporaine*. Par Paul Bourget. Paris: Lemerre.

(1) *Les espérances chrétiennes*. Par A. Cochin. Avec une préface et des notes, par Henry Cochin. Paris: Plon.

(2) *L'archipel de la Manche*. Par Victor Hugo. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

"script" type brings for the first time the *Destruction de Troie* (7) of Jacques Millet, the most remarkable perhaps of the few profane mysteries that we possess, within the reach of ordinary students. If the industrious editor, Dr. Stengel, had adopted modern Roman type, we suspect that most of his readers would have been grateful to him, though the book would have been less of a curiosity. The script, however, is very fairly legible, much more so than black-letter. Another reprint from the same publishers and editor has begun to put the works of Hardy (8) before the public. No attempt is made to rummage out the vast, and probably irrecoverable, mass of his unprinted work, the beautiful but rare edition of 1626, with its forty or fifty plays, being simply reproduced.

M. de Lajarte, though his book has the appearance of (and unless we mistake the phrase "recueil d'études" is acknowledged by him to be) a mere collection of review essays (9), has succeeded in giving quite sufficient unity to them. The successive forms of ballet, the connexion between the opera and current political events, the introduction of particular instruments—all sorts of ana about persons and things connected with the institution supply him with the materials of a very pleasant jumble which is illustrated by various autographs, copies of playbills, costume figures, and so forth.

The portraits of certain contemporaries, great in politics or literature, which M. Ulbach (10) has republished, were originally written towards the close of the Empire, and bear the marks of their period of origin. We are not sure that in retouching and adjusting them the author has been wise, for the value of all such things depends on their faithfulness to the time and the impressions which gave them birth. The papers, however, contain some interesting anecdotes, especially of Lamartine, George Sand, and Thiers. With regard to the sketch of Napoleon III., M. Ulbach deserves credit for not having been servile in 1869, nor spiteful in 1883. The right to feel thoroughly disgusted at the insults which Frenchmen heap on the dead man whom living they flattered and cringed to for twenty years belongs to those who never admired him or his government; and it is satisfactory to have to say that M. Ulbach escapes this disgust completely. His sketch of the Duke d'Aumale may seem a little fulsome, but it is fair to remember that at the time of writing it required some courage to write it.

M. Dreyfous's useful and remarkably cheap library of compilations of travel and adventure has been increased by three volumes, two devoted to Dutch conquests and discoveries, and one; the title of which, *Notre colonie le Tongkin* (11), seems to indicate that the compiler, M. Thureau, is not acquainted with a certain story about a certain bear and his skin.

The Abbé Dumax's (12) pamphlet on the Orléans-Bourbon genealogy is a brief, but well-executed and useful, demonstration of the legitimate right of the Comte de Paris to the succession, the elder branch being either extinct or having its rights barred by resignation or female descent. The Abbé makes a strong and good point, to the effect that the exclusion of Philip of Anjou was not only within the competence of himself and his grandfather, but obligatory on them in consequence of the principle that a King of France must not be or derive his right from a foreign sovereign.

There is no end of books on Rome (13), but M. Bournet's has at least a certain differentia of its own. It is a series of studies, not on the Eternal City itself, but on the celebrated men of modern nations who have visited it. The result is not uninteresting, but, as might have been expected, somewhat desultory and incomplete. It is, to say the least, odd that Milton's visit, which had little or no visible or noteworthy result, should be mentioned, and Gibbon's, with its consequence of one of the famous books of the world and one of the most striking passages in literature, should not. If this latter is mentioned, we have overlooked the text, and the index is silent.

We have two school books before us. M. Chardenal's (14) educational works in French are already well known, and have stood the test of use. M. Julien's French primer (15)—for such it is—has merits, though we are not convinced of the deserts of the Hamiltonian system, or something like it, of interlined text and translation which it follows. Moreover, it is rather too sweeping to say that "it has neither sound nor aspiration in French," though certainly few Englishmen can hit off the French aspirate.

Among the novels of the month the reimpression of M. Theuriet's *Raymonde* (16) in the *Petite Bibliothèque Charpentier*, though it

is not a novelty, is undoubtedly the best from the point of view of literature. But circumstances are sure to draw most attention to Lieutenant Viaud's *Mon frère Yves* (17). This unlucky officer, who is very well known to readers of these columns under his *nom de plume* of Pierre Loti, seems to have been so little known to the average newspaper editor, that his late revelations of French brutality in Tonquin were, for the first few days, universally quoted as by a Lieutenant "Loté." *Mon frère Yves* contains nothing equal to the best passages of those remarkable books *Aziyadé* and *Le mariage de Loti* , which, whatever their defects, displayed a power of dreamy descriptive writing not to be easily outdone. But it is free from the extravagant, repulsive, and unnatural naturalism which defaced the equally powerful and sometimes equally beautiful work of the *Roman d'un Spahi* and of *Fleurs d'annui*. "Mon frère Yves" is a common sailor, to whom an officer—the author—has sworn brotherhood. Yves has no worse fault than that (unluckily not confined to the French navy) of an incorrigible propensity to "sprees" and drunkenness when he is ashore. The book is the history of his reformation by the influence of the author and that of Yves's own wife and child. It is thus moral enough in its way, and though, as has been said, it is not quite equal to its predecessors, it shows the literary skill on which its author must depend to console himself for being made a scapegoat. M. Adolphe Belot, for a wonder, comes within mentioning distance in *Reine de beauté* (18), though it is needless to observe that he is M. Adolphe Belot still. The useful Nihilists supply him with the principal part of his plot. *Les théories de Tavernelle* (19) is a book of excellent intention, but somewhat painful, and not quite strong enough for its own aims. M. E. Delpit, who must not be confounded with the author of *Le fils de Coralie*, has sought to show the natural result of so-called Liberal ideas in politics and religion on private life. M. de Ronchaud's *Contes d'automne* (20) are also more worthy of respect than of admiration, but they are not at all painful.

(17) *Mon frère Yves*. Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(18) *Reine de beauté*. Par Adolphe Belot. Paris: Dentu.

(19) *Les théories de Tavernelle*. Par E. Delpit. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(20) *Contes d'automne*. Par L. de Ronchaud.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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(7) *L'histoire de la destruction de Troie la Grant*. Par Jacques Millet. Paris: Le Soudier. Marburg: Elwert.

(8) *Œuvres d'Alexandre Hardy*. Paris: Le Soudier. Marburg: Elwert.

(9) *Les curiosités de l'opéra*. Par M. de Lajarte. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(10) *Nos contemporains*. Par Louis Ulbach. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(11) *Bibliothèque d'aventures et de voyages—Conquêtes et découvertes de la république des Pays-Bas*. Par J. Geulin. 2 vols. *Notre colonie le Tongkin*. Par H. Thureau. Paris: Dreyfous.

(12) *Les princes d'Orléans-Bourbon, le traité d'Utrecht et la loi salique*. Par l'Abbé Dumax. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(13) *Rome—Études de littérature et d'art*. Par A. Bournet. Paris: Plon.

(14) *The Rules of the French Grammar*. By C. A. Chardenal. Glasgow and London: Collins.

(15) *Practical and Conversational French Reader*. By F. Julien. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(16) *Raymonde*. Par André Theuriet. Paris: Charpentier.

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